

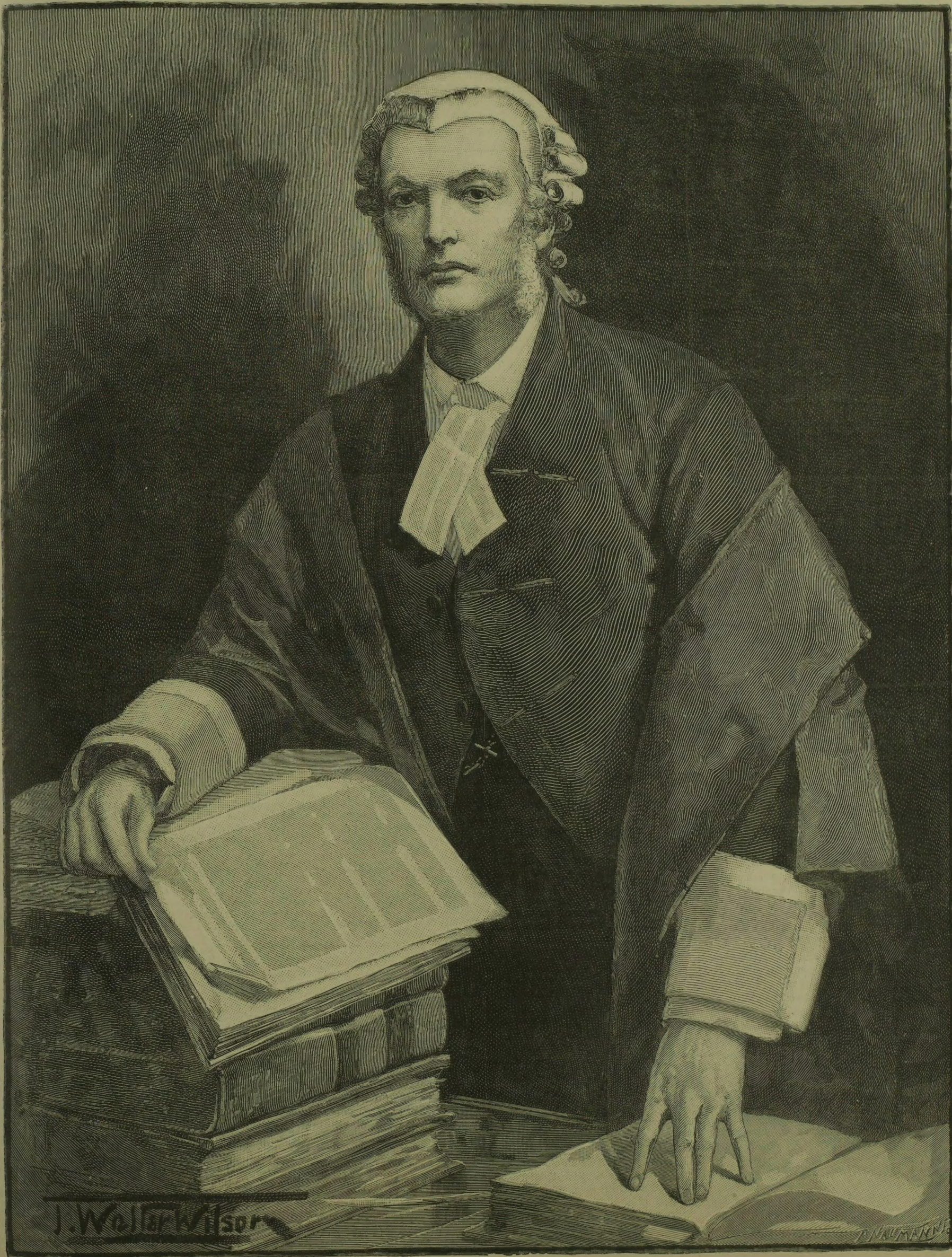
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THE PARNELL COMMISSION: SIR HENRY JAMES REPLYING ON THE WHOLE CASE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The attack and defence of long sermons in the papers is very amusing; but it is a controversy which can never be settled, since it is a mere question of taste. One preacher, indeed, is found to say that "so much does he feel his responsibility in preaching that he hardly regards the things temporal in connection with it, such as its duration" (which reminds one of the vivisectionist who, when asked what he thought of the tortures he inflicted on dumb animals, said he never thought about them); but as a general rule the matter depends upon the congregations. Some like long sermons and some like short ones. Bishop Andrews complains that in his day there was a rage for sermons. "Hearing of the Word is grown into such request that it has got the start of all the rest of our church service. . . . For proof whereof take this very place [his church], which now you see well replenished, whereas come at any other part of the service, you shall find it in a manner desolate." It is not often one finds a preacher thus inveighing against the popularity of his own sermons. He was so modest about his natural gift in this way that he said: "When I preach twice a day at St. Giles' I prate once."

The Welsh take a marvellous delight in long discourses. It is Wesley (I think) who gives an account of a certain quarterly meeting at Carnarvon, where, in the depth of winter, the preacher stood on a stage in the middle of the town, and such of the congregation as could not be accommodated at the windows "endured the inclemency of the weather for seven hours to hear the word of life." The preaching took place again at midnight, "where the stillness of the evening, the darkness of the sky, and lights interspersed with so many thousand faces lifted up towards us, eagerly catching the word, was one of the most pleasing sights my eyes ever beheld."

On the other hand, Fuller observes that "in extemporary prayer what men most admire, God least regardeth—namely, the volubility of the tongue." One of the most humorous stories of tediousness in the pulpit comes from Italy. A preacher, in pronouncing a panegyric on his favourite saint, exhausted both himself and his hearers. He compared him with all the celestial hierarchy, and could find no place honourable enough for him, while his long paragraphs of praise were always closed with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great patriarch?" At last an auditor, who had lost all patience, rose and said, "Since you are so puzzled, he may have my place, for I'm going."

People who are in love with life—the mere living—and cling to it under circumstances however deplorable, had better go to Norway and stop there. They will stop there longer than in any other place on this planet, if the tables of mortality published by the Norwegian Bureau are trustworthy. It claims that its people are, by 17 per cent, "longer-lived than any other under the sun"—though, indeed, there is very little sun in Norway. The nation, like the Swedes its neighbours, is respectable but commonplace, and vegetates rather than exists. It would be rude to say that there is little difference between a Swede and a turnip, but the life of these northern nations is torpid. To some persons, a family in the county, who have been established there for generations, though none of its members have ever distinguished themselves in the least, seems admirable merely for sticking to the soil; and the same thing holds good of longevity, but there is nothing really in it. Who wants to die—and much more to live—at ninety-nine in Norway?

If there were any doubt of the fact that "the Land" is having a bad time of it, proof would be found in the excuses made the other day in the court of the Lord Chief Justice by gentlemen called upon to serve the office of High Sheriff. Never has the "pricking of the Sheriffs" given them so much pain. It is not so long ago that the honour of being "the first gentleman in the county" was sought for greedily. "If anyone over the age of fifteen, and being under the degree of a peer, refuse to attend him under due warning, the offender incurs fine or imprisonment." This seems, for one thing, to give his Worship a great choice of female society, and he has also the power of summoning the *posse comitatus*—i.e. everybody in the county. He has the honour of entertaining the Judges, and riding with them in the same coach. But, alas! all this costs money, and our country gentlemen have none of it to spare. When a man is made a Sheriff in Scotland he has never been known to object to it—partly, no doubt, from the national patriotism, but also because a goodly salary is attached to the office. In England it is all praise and no pudding—and the praise costs so much. In the present case, some of (what used to be) the candidates for the office actually employed counsel to show cause why their names should be struck out; others made personal excuses more extraordinary than those of the guests bidden to the Eastern feast: one "had disease of the nerves, and would have to lie on his back all the winter"; another objected upon the apparently reasonable ground that "he hadn't an acre of land in the county"; another "lived two hundred miles away, and was seven, -three years of age"; but most of them frankly confessed that they had no money to support the office—one of them even stating that owing to the depression of agriculture and the decline of prices "he had last year only derived 3s. 6d. from his estate." I suppose it would be wrong to propose it, but, considering how many wealthy persons not belonging to county society would give their ears to be High Sheriffs, it seems a pity that the office should not be put up to auction, the proceeds in each case being awarded to the gentlemen who have declined the honour.

There seems, unhappily, little doubt that, the taste for prize-fighting is reviving in England, and among the same

classes—the dregs of the aristocracy, and the scum of the middle class. A curious example of how the latter amuse themselves may be read in the police reports of last week. After a public glove-fight, a number of spectators adjourn to a café, where one of them, "wearing a great deal of stage jewellery," tells the others to consider themselves his guests, and "orders eighteen bottles of champagne and thirty-six cigars for their refreshment." Then the prize-ring is made the topic of conversation, and a "well-known bruiser" illustrates his art by knocking somebody's teeth out. This is very much the same sort of thing that went on in the Haymarket every night a hundred years ago. It is quite possible, in the present plethora of the professions, that the art of self-defence may presently have its teachers as in the old days: if so, the first advertisement of "The British School of Boxing," instituted by Broughton, may give some useful hints. "Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Haymarket for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the majesty of boxing, where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross buttocks and incidents to the combatants will be fully taught and explained; and that persons of quality and distinction may not be debarred from entering into a course of these lectures, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffs [i.e. boxing-gloves] are provided that will effectually secure them from the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses."

"The Ring" was popular at that date, of course, but never in the universal sense in which the Turf is at present popular: it was chiefly maintained by patrons (such as the Duke of Cumberland) who (says a writer of the time) drew in their train numbers of those weak-minded persons, with more money than brains, always found ready to mix with the nobility.

Among the odd letters that have already reached the new Lord Mayor's hands is one, we are told, from a gentleman who proposes for a consideration to write his speeches for him during his year of office. Sir Henry, it is added, having tried his 'prentice hand at the banquet on the 9th, and "finding he got on pretty well," intends to be his own orator. For my part, were I in his Lordship's place, I would rather have dispensed with my postillion (the one in gold who stands behind my chair), and even my sword-bearer, than with the services of this convenient gentleman. It is not every person in authority who can express himself with eloquence at short notice like our own Queen Bess, who, after rating the Polish Ambassador in a dead language, exclaimed to her attendants with justifiable pride, "Sdeath, my Lords, I have been obliged this day to scour up my old Latin." Sir Boyle Roche, who had an excellent memory, had his Parliamentary speeches written for him by Mr. Edward Cooke. On one occasion, however, that gentleman had neglected his work, and Sir Boyle, passionately desirous to address the House, but with nothing to say, was at his wits' end. Serjeant Stanley was of the same politics as himself, but composed his speeches out of what had fallen from other members in the course of the debate, which he wrote out and committed to memory. He dropped from his pocket the oration he proposed to give to the House in the small hours, and Sir Boyle picked it up in the coffee-room. "The very thing for me," he said, and in half an hour had mastered it and delivered it. Returning to the coffee-room, where the Serjeant was still seeking for the MS., he placed it in his hand. "Here's your speech again, Stanley, and I thank you kindly for the loan of it: it isn't a pin the worse for wear, and you can speak it again as soon as you please." A considerable majority of the human race cannot, thank Heaven! make a speech at all. The best advice for those who, though unfitted for eloquence, can manage to get along, is always to "keep a gallop for the avenue"—to cling, at least, to their peroration: the observance of that golden rule, with the substitution of "the present occasion" for "now," ought to see them through it.

The news from Berlin of a brother and sister being "attacked by somnolency" should not be unwelcome. It once more recalls to us the existence of a very worthy class, the somnambulists, who in these days have been almost forgotten. When we see a gentleman "willing" another a hundred miles away to leave off stimulants, or to kill his grandmother, according to the willer's taste and fancy, the simple exhibitions with which the mere sleep-walker can favour us have comparatively small attractions. In less scientific times, I can remember, when his walking in his night-gown down the public thoroughfares, his sitting with apparent indifference on high walls with broken glass upon them, his dropping from windows three storeys high upon the pavement, and rubbing only his eyes when he was picked up unhurt, gave great public satisfaction; but, though he doubtless continues to perform these feats, they win no attention. At one time somnambulism was not only highly thought of, but had a literature of its own. Everyone is acquainted, for example, with that limited company (just seven) of Christian persons at Ephesus who slept most conveniently for 196 years, "until the persecutions ceased," when they rejoined society so ignorant of recent events, and "with moneys in their pocket of so ancient a stamp," that it awakened suspicion of what had actually occurred to them. It must be confessed there was a sameness about these stories of somnolency, and in the present very creditable attempt to revive an interest in the subject one is glad to find that novelties have been introduced. The Berlin boy and girl fall into a state of coma—not only in school (which is natural enough) but at play—quite suddenly and both together. They do not even finish their sentences, but after hours of sleep conclude them to the admiration of a new audience, who can't conceive what they are talking about. Their peculiarity appears to have no connection—as in the case of Mr. Wardle's page—with high feeding.

The proving of Mr. Wilkie Collins's will shows how little truth there is in the stories of the prosperity of novelists as compared with the followers of other professions. If, after the death of Dickens, Collins was not the most popular author in England, he was in the very first rank as regards popularity; and a similar position in the Church, at the Bar, or in Medicine would have given him a yearly income equal to the whole fortune left behind him. It is true that in one solitary instance he received £5000 for a novel; but that is what every Judge and every Bishop get every year (with a pension when they retire); and he took far longer than twelve months to write it, and had no pension. There is no shadow of pretence for accusing him of extravagance, and yet the fact remains that this popular writer left but £10,000 behind him. It is, perhaps, all for the best that men of letters should be ill rewarded as regards money; or it is possible that their calling bestows on them advantages that compensate them for indifferent pay; but it is, at all events, about time that the popular error that they are well remunerated should be exploded for good and all. That it still prevails, even in America, which doesn't pretend to have any share in making English authors rich, is clear, because they are perpetually getting prospectuses of investments from that country: one lies before me now from "The Mortgage Bank and Investment Company, Fargo, North Dakota," for which (since it came in a closed envelope and I thought it conscience money) I have just paid fifteenpence for insufficient postage.

The annual distribution of Prizes for Virtue, awarded by the French Academy, has just taken place in Paris. There is nothing of the kind, so far as I know (and if there were I surely *should* know), in this country; but in France it is satisfactory to learn, judging by the increase of these prizes, that people are getting more and more virtuous every day. Still, though their deeds, as the presiding Bishop observed, read like passages from the "Lives of the Saints," their words in acknowledgment of the gratuities in question have rather an excess of humility. A widow who has given away all she had in the world (which was much more than a mite) to the poor exclaims on receiving £20 from the Academy, "I am too happy on earth, and made too much of; I am afraid this will stand recorded against me up there." Whereupon Monsignor the Bishop, we are told, "reassured her." Now, if the widow thought so highly of the Academy because it relieved her penniless state by giving her £20, it is difficult to conceive how she could have ignored her own benevolence, which had given away £200 in the same fashion, and thereby reduced her to destitution. Again, a little girl who supports her family by laundry work, being asked how she contrives to carry on her back such enormous bundles of clothes to the municipal washhouse, replies that "she derives her strength from the religious principles which her parents had inculcated in her at an early age." Monsignor the Bishop regrets that the Academy awards no prizes to foreigners, "since virtue is of every clime," but, so far as England is concerned, it strikes one as not to be deplored. There is something theatrical and unreal both in the distributors and the recipients of these Prizes of Virtue.

THE COURT.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Nov. 17, by the Rev. H. R. Story, D.D., in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. Dr. Story had the honour of dining with the Queen. The Royal visit to Balmoral has been brought to a close. Her Majesty has sent a message of condolence to the widow of Mr. Joseph Watson, who for half a century held the post of assistant librarian at Windsor Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud returned to London from Paris early on the morning of Nov. 18, reaching Charing-cross at about twenty minutes to five. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Duke of Cambridge also visited their Royal Highnesses. During the day the Prince of Wales called upon the Duke of Cambridge, prior to the departure of the Commander-in-Chief on his visit to the Marquis of Abergavenny, at Eridge Castle. On the 19th the Prince and Princess and Prince George visited the Lyceum Theatre. In memory of the Emperor Frederick the Prince has had a tablet bearing a medallion portrait executed for Sandringham Church, Norfolk. The work, which was sculptured by Sir Edgar Boehm, is similar to the memorials of the late Princess Alice (Grand Duchess of Hesse) and the Duke of Albany.

Her Majesty's ship *Egeria* has just completed a cruise in the Pacific, in the course of which the commander formally declared the protectorate of Great Britain over the Phoenix and Union groups of islands.

Mr. J. P. Mendoza has recently published a particularly beautiful mezzotint engraving by Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, after the famous picture "Innocence" by Greuze. It is a truly exquisite example of the engraver's art, and the fulfilment of the promise of other plates by the same hand will be eagerly awaited by the art-loving public.

The final competition of the season for the honour of champion rifle-shot and attendant gold badge of the City of London Rifle Association was held on Nov. 16 at the Rainham Ranges, Essex, when, after a tie between Corporal Elkington and Private Bond was shot off, each competitor standing with 183 points, Private Bond was adjudged the winner by the narrow majority of one point, Corporal Elkington having failed to find the target in his last shot.

The memorial of the late Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., over his grave in Abney-park Cemetery, was unveiled on Friday, Nov. 15, by Mr. A. Illingworth, M.P., in the presence of Mrs. Richard and family, the Memorial Committee, and an assembly of about a thousand persons. The sculptor of this monument is Mr. E. J. Physick. Its character is Gothic. The central part is composed of Sicilian marble, richly carved, with eight beautiful receding panels, raised upon massive Gothic subplinths; around this are eight polished red granite columns, with richly carved foliated caps and bases, supporting a Gothic pediment which rises to a height of nearly ten feet. In the front, next the roadway, is a white marble medallion, on which Mr. Physick has modelled, in bold relief, a lifelike portrait of the late Mr. Henry Richard. The likeness is considered by the family as the best which has been done, and it is a work of merit in the sculptor's art.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince George, arrived in Paris on the morning of Nov. 15. Their Royal Highnesses, who travelled in the strictest incognito, drove straight to the Hôtel Bristol. Immediately after breakfast the Prince of Wales and his son called on the President of the Republic, and also paid a visit to Lord and Lady Lytton at the British Embassy. In the afternoon M. Carnot returned the Prince's visit. The Royal family went in the evening to the Gymnase Theatre, to see M. Daudet's new play, "La Lutte pour la Vie." President and Madame Carnot called at the Hôtel Bristol on the 16th, to pay a visit to the Prince and Princess, but, as their Royal Highnesses had had no intimation of their intention, they were out. The Prince of Wales and Prince George paid a visit to the studio of the painter M. d'Epinay, while the Princess and her daughters went to the Bois de Boulogne. In the evening the Royal party witnessed the performance at the Théâtre des Variétés. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince George, and attended by Colonel Ellis and Miss Knollys, lunched on Sunday, the 17th, at the British Embassy. Sir Charles Wyke, Count and Countess Münster, Count Kinsky, and the personnel of the Embassy were invited to meet them. In the morning their Royal Highnesses made the ascent of the Eiffel Tower, over which they were shown by M. Eiffel and his son-in-law, M. Salles. In the afternoon they drove in the Bois de Boulogne. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards dined at the Hôtel Bristol, and left for London by special train at 8.30 in the evening.—In the Chamber, on the 16th, M. Floquet was elected President for the Session by 384 votes, and MM. De Mahy, Develle, Casimir-Périer, and Peytral, all Republicans, were elected the four Vice-Presidents. The first division in the new Chamber was taken on the 19th. It was upon a motion for the consideration of a Bill to promote the Revision of the Constitution, which was defeated by 345 to 123. A Ministerial Declaration was read, in which the Government stated it would be their absorbing care to satisfy the wish of France, as expressed by the elections, to enter upon "an era of appeasement and labour."—The Virtue Prizes, eighty-six in number, were announced at the Academy on the 14th, the address being delivered by Bishop Perraud, of Autun.

The meeting of the German Emperor and Empress with the Emperor Francis Joseph, which took place at Innsbruck on Nov. 14, was extremely cordial. On the morning of the 15th the Emperor and Empress arrived at the Wild Park Station, Potsdam, on their return from their visit to the East. Their Majesties, who were met at the station by Princess Frederick Leopold and several of the Emperor's Aides-de-Camp, drove at once to the New Palace, where they were welcomed with delight by their five little sons. Next day the Emperor, who gave audience to Counts Waldersee and Bismarck at Potsdam, afterwards drove, accompanied by the Empress and Prince and Princess Leopold, to the Protestant and then to the Catholic Church, in order to attend the swearing in of the autumn recruits.—The Empress Frederick started on the 14th by train from Athens for Corinth on a tour, during which she intends to visit the sites and relics of ancient Tiryns and Mycenæ. Her Majesty is accompanied by her daughters and a small suite, including her Court Marshal, Lady-in-Waiting, and an Aide-de-Camp.—The Japanese Prince and Princess Arisugawa Takehito, who are travelling with a numerous suite, but incognito as Count and Countess Sava, were received, in the Emperor's name, by Chamberlain Von Mohl, at the Berlin station on the 15th, and conducted in Court carriages to the Hôtel Royal. The Prince, who is an adopted son of the Emperor of Japan, is Captain of a Japanese corvette, and intends spending some time in Germany in studying naval affairs.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, after taking leave of the German Emperor at Rosenheim, returned to Vienna on the 15th, leaving again in the evening for his château at Gödöllő, near Pesth.

Queen Amelia of Portugal gave birth to a son on Nov. 15. Her Majesty and the infant Prince are both doing well. The preliminary ceremony of baptism was performed in the afternoon by Cardinal Neto, Patriarch of Lisbon, the young Prince receiving the name of Manuel. The sponsors were Queen Maria Pia and the Comte de Paris, the latter being represented by the Duke of Oporto.

On Nov. 18 the International Conference for the suppression of the slave trade assembled at Brussels, and Prince de Chimay, the Belgian Foreign Minister, welcomed the Plenipotentiaries in the name of the King.

From Cairo it is announced that the Egyptian Budget for 1890, after remitting taxation to the amount of £100,000, which will afford relief to hundreds of thousands of the poorest classes, shows a handsome surplus. At the same time the vote for education is increased. The financial scheme has been received with general approval.

President Harrison was one of the guests at the banquet given at Washington, on Nov. 13, in honour of the opening of the new Roman Catholic University.

A revolution has broken out in Brazil, some particulars of which are given on another page.

The Duke of Connaught, at Poona on Nov. 14, inspected the 28th Pioneers, previous to their departure for the Chin States. His Royal Highness addressed the officers and men in Hindustani, praising the bravery which they had displayed during the Afghan and Suakin Campaigns, and concluding by wishing them success. The *Times of India* announces that Major-General Sir George Greaves will succeed his Royal Highness as Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army in March next.—Prince Albert Victor on the 15th arrived at Hyderabad, and was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the people. He paid visits to the Nizam and Sir Salar Jung, and inspected his Highness's horses and jewels. His Royal Highness, after dining privately, attended a grand ball at the British Residency given in honour of his visit. On the 16th the Prince took part in a cheetah-hunt, and afterwards had some buck- and snipe-shooting. Excellent sport was obtained, his Royal Highness being very successful. The Prince breakfasted with Sir Asman Jah, the Nizam's Prime Minister, and was entertained at a banquet by the Nizam, who declared his loyalty and devotion to the British Crown. The city was illuminated in the evening, and the Prince, on driving through the streets, met with an enthusiastic reception. On the 17th his Royal Highness dined with the 7th Hussars, and subsequently started for Madras, arriving there on the morning of the 19th.

The New South Wales Parliament has recently authorised the construction of extensive sewerage works in that colony, and the Government are about to proceed with the sewerage of the western suburbs of Sydney, at an estimated cost of £1,817,896, and with the sewerage of St. Leonards and other boroughs at North Shore, at a cost of £106,000; and with that of the borough of Manly, at a cost of £34,000. The population of Sydney and suburbs now amounts to 400,000.

THE REGIMENTAL PET DEER "BILLY."

The officers and men of the 1st Battalion of the 14th (Prince of Wales's Own) West Yorkshire Regiment are mourning the death of a favourite comrade, who deserves an obituary notice and portrait. This fine specimen of Indian deer was presented to the regiment in November 1878, at Ranikhet, by the Rajah of Kashipur. For some years "Billy" used to march at the head of the regiment in charge of two drummer boys. At tennis-parties, cricket-matches, and other festive meetings he was always to be found in the vicinity of the officers' marquee. As he had a great liking for sugar, "Billy" was apt on these occasions to make himself rather a nuisance, for, in quest of his



"BILLY," THE PET DEER OF THE 14TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN) REGIMENT.

lump of sugar, he would upset anything which lay in his way; and he was obstinate at times, when he would get himself entangled in the tennis-net, or in tent ropes, and nothing would move him. He would frequently "run a-muck" when annoyed, and great would be the consternation of the children. However, "Billy" never did anyone any serious injury. Of late, being in failing health, his appearances on parade have been less frequent. At the beginning of October poor "Billy" got an injury to his spine; and, after a few days of intense suffering, the order for his death was most reluctantly given. His keeper was inconsolable, and vowed vengeance on the perpetrator of the horrid deed, as it was found "Billy's" back had been broken by a blow. A stone at the Old Barracks, Fermoy, marks his last resting-place, with this inscription: "Billy served in 14th Regiment—Nov. 1878 to Oct. 1889."

STATUE OF WILLIAM III., AT BELFAST.

The Irish Protestants of Ulster have commemorated the bi-centenary of the Revolution of 1688, or the subsequent reconquest of Ireland, by erecting a statue of King William III. in Carlisle-circus, Belfast, which was unveiled on Saturday, Nov. 16, under the auspices of the Belfast Grand Lodge of Orangemen, by their Grand Master, Colonel E. G. Sanderson, M.P. for the Northern Division of the county of Armagh.



STATUE OF KING WILLIAM III., AT BELFAST.

There was a procession of district lodges of the town and neighbouring counties, which marched from the Orange Hall, through Clifton-street, Donegal-street, York-street, Shire-road, Skegoniel-avenue, Antrim-road, and Duncairn-street, to Carlisle-circus. Assembling there at two o'clock, the ceremony was performed, the bands played the tune of "The Boyne Water," and the Rev. Dr. R. Kane delivered an oration, after which the National Anthem was sung. Happily, there was no breach of the peace. We give an illustration of the statue, which is of bronze; Mr. Harry Hems, of Exeter, is the sculptor.

A game called "Switchback Skittles" has been brought out by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, of billiard-table fame. It is both scientific and amusing, and can be placed on any table. Several games can be played upon the board, and it is likely to be one of the most popular games of the season.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The three Judges—Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith—appointed by a special Act of Parliament to investigate and report on the "charges and allegations" made by the *Times* newspaper against Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., and other Irish members of the House of Commons associated with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League, held the 125th sitting of their Court on Tuesday, Nov. 19, at the Royal Courts of Justice. All the evidence produced on both sides having been concluded some time before, and speeches having been delivered by Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., in defence of Mr. Parnell and most of his colleagues, and by Mr. Michael Davitt and others who preferred to speak for themselves, the reply on the part of the *Times* was commenced on Thursday, Oct. 31, by Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., who was second to the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., as counsel in support of the "charges and allegations." Sir Henry James continued his speech next day, and three days of the following week, the Court then adjourning over Friday and Saturday, to meet again on Tuesday, Nov. 5; he spoke during three days of that week, and resumed his address in the week ensuing, but showed symptoms of physical exhaustion, the strain having been even greater than that which Sir Charles Russell or Mr. Davitt underwent, on account of the more numerous extracts which the *Times* counsel had introduced. It was expected that the speech would occupy one or two days more. It is understood that Sir Henry James will follow the example of Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Davitt, and publish the speech in book form.

THE LATE REV. EDWIN HATCH, D.D.

This eminent theological student, who died on Nov. 10, was during the last five years Reader in Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Dr. Hatch was in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and as a scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, took a second class in classics in 1857, and obtained the Ellerton Prize in 1858. After a residence in Canada as professor and head of a college, he returned to Oxford in 1867, and became Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall until four years ago. At the time of his death he was engaged on two unfinished works—the Hibbert Lectures for 1887, on the connection of Greek Philosophy with Early Christianity, and a Concordance to the Septuagint. His other writings are the Bampton Lectures delivered in 1880, translated into German by Professor Harnack; and a volume of essays on Biblical Greek; also many articles in reviews, magazines, and dictionaries. A few months ago he gave an address, by request, to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. C. Gillman, Oxford.

THE HONG-KONG WATERWORKS.

The city of Victoria, Hong-Kong, a great commercial port and naval and military station of the British Empire, is situated on the south side of a magnificent harbour in that island, separated by a narrow strait from the mainland coast of China, and nearly opposite the entrance to the Canton River. The island is mountainous, affording not much land for profitable cultivation. The city, partly built on the steep and rocky slopes of the northern hills, is pleasant in aspect, with good streets and fine public edifices, avenues of banyan-trees, and fair public gardens. Its climate, hot and moist, except in winter, is not considered salubrious. The population exceeds 40,000, of whom about three thousand are Europeans, not including the garrison. They will derive much benefit from the new waterworks, situated at Tytam, in the centre of the small island, and completed this year, having been begun in 1883. At Tytam, in a narrow valley amid the mountains, a reservoir, or artificial lake, thirty acres in area, with a maximum depth of 105 ft., containing 300 million gallons of pure still water, has been formed by constructing a dam of solid masonry, as shown in our illustration. It is connected with the town by an aqueduct, with a tunnel, 7300 ft. long, beneath the mountain; the Conduit-road, from the mouth of this tunnel to the city, is three miles and a half long; a view of this road, from the anchorage for ships of war in the harbour, is also presented. At the end of the Conduit-road are six filter-beds for the water brought through the tunnel, and a service-tank, which holds a week's supply of water for the townspeople. The engineer of these works is Mr. James Orange, whose designs were prepared in 1883 under the supervision of Mr. J. M. Price, then Surveyor-General of the Colony of Hong-Kong. Our illustrations are from Sketches by Mr. R. Barff, of Hong-Kong.

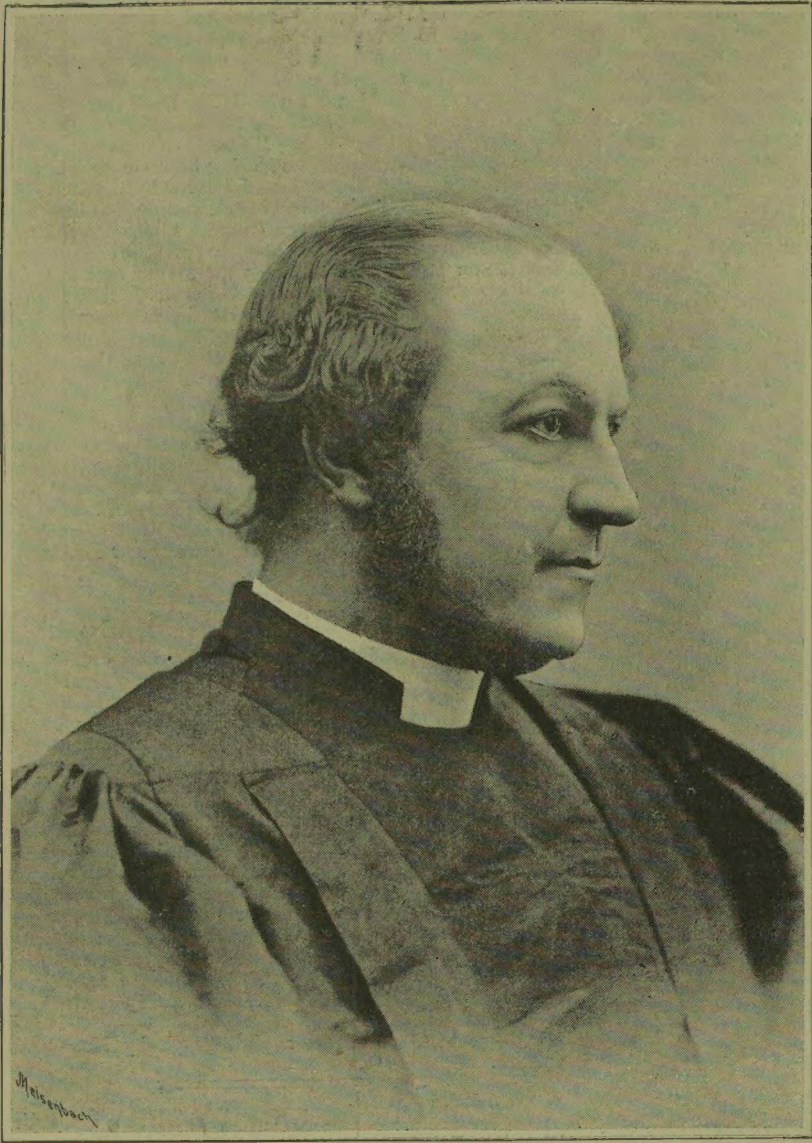
We have received from Messrs. Sockl and Nathan, fine-art publishers, of Jewin-crescent, a few samples of their tastefully got-up illustrated booklets and society portraits, water-colour drawings.

Much sympathy is felt for Signor Bevigiani (the esteemed operatic conductor) in the recent loss sustained by him in the death of his wife, who was a niece of the eminent prima donna the late Mlle. Titiens. Another cause for condolence is that of the death of the youngest daughter of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, the well-known pianist and conductor.

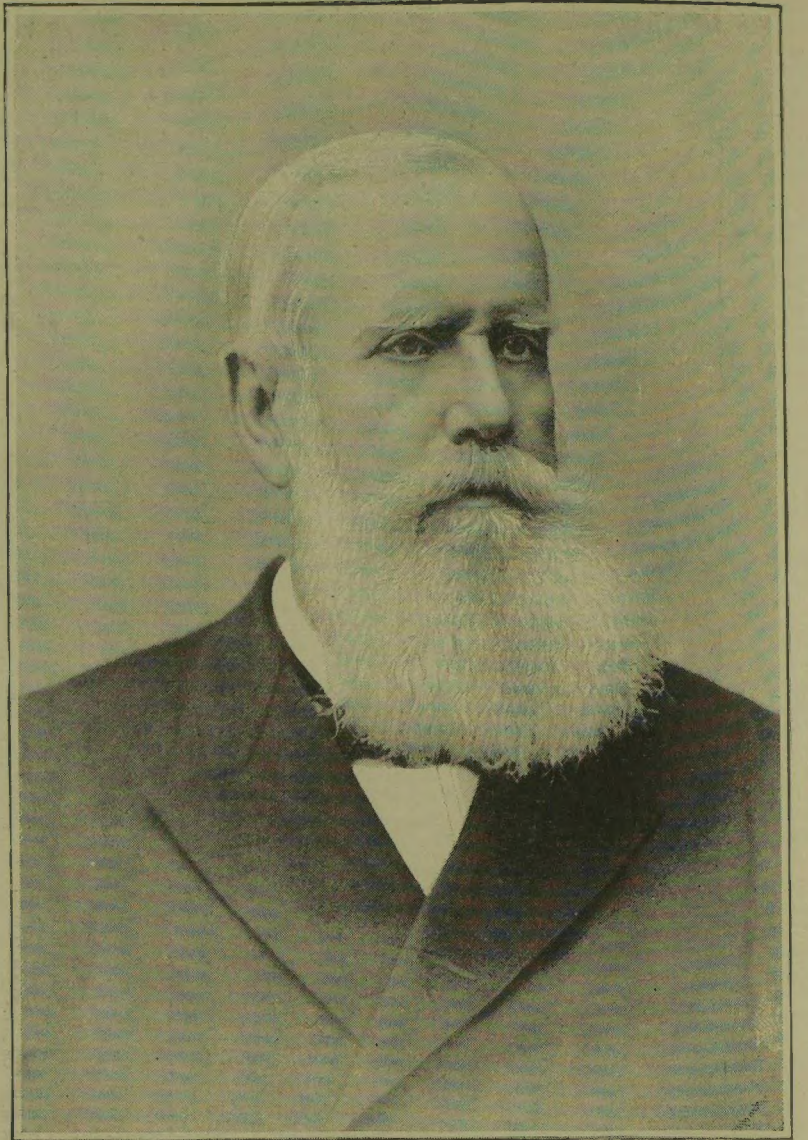
The congregation and parishioners of Christ Church, North Brixton, have presented to their Vicar, the Rev. Canon J. McConnel Hussey, D.D., Rural Dean of Kennington, with an address, accompanied by a purse of £370, on his attaining seventy years of age and completing thirty-five years' faithful service as Vicar. His sister, Miss Moffatt, has been presented with a library table and easy-chair.

A complimentary benefit concert was given at Covent-Garden Theatre on Nov. 16, in tribute to Mr. Gwyllym Crowe (for many seasons the efficient conductor of Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts). The programme on the occasion referred to included the co-operation of the fine orchestra and military bands, and some eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists—the selection of music comprising many pieces that have proved attractive features in the past series of concerts.

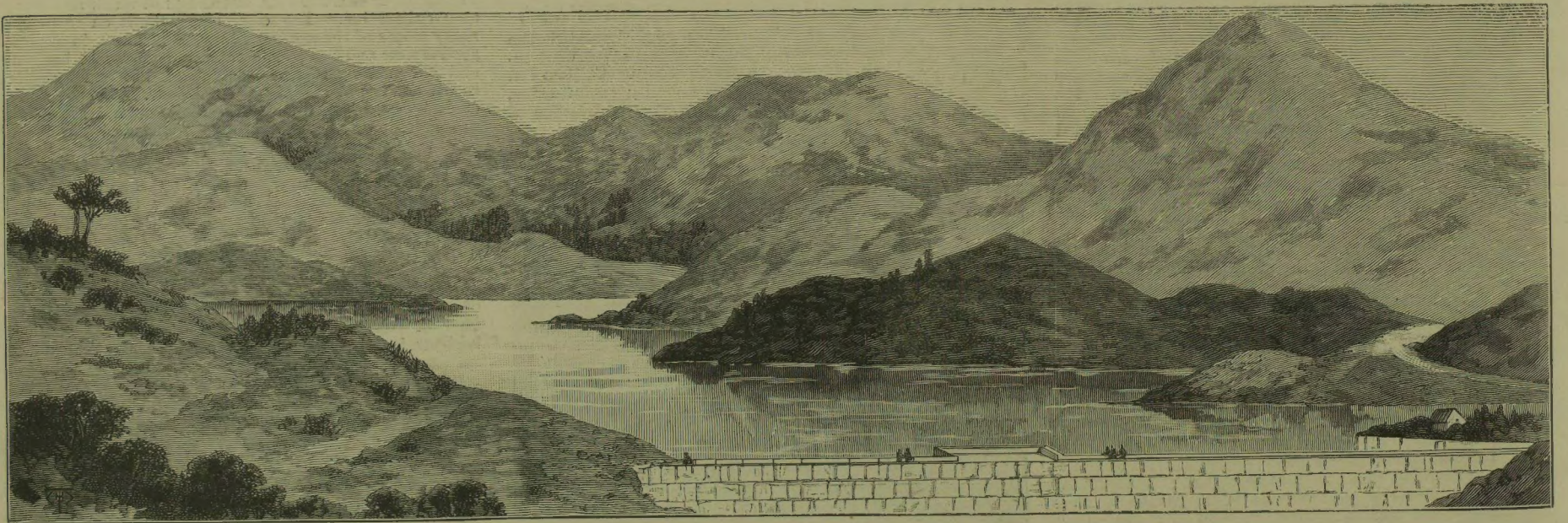
Baroness Burdett-Connors makes an urgent appeal on behalf of the London Destitute Children's Dinner Society. She says: "We have somewhat less than £100 in hand to assist the sixty-five dining-rooms connected with our society. During the winter season of 1888-9 the society provided 367,679 dinners, and made grants to different dining-rooms to the amount of £1796 6s. 10d., while £760 16s. 10d. was contributed by the children's pence. The average cost of the nourishing and well-cooked dinners was under 3d. each. We estimate that one hundred dinners can be provided by every £1 subscribed. This is laid out to the best possible advantage." Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the treasurers, Lord Kinnaird, 1, Pall-mall East, and Mr. W. Fuller, Stoughton Grange, Stoke, Guildford; by the secretary, Mr. H. Morton Carr, 89, St. George's-square, S.W.; or by the bankers, Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Ransom, Louveric, and Co., 1, Pall-mall East, London.



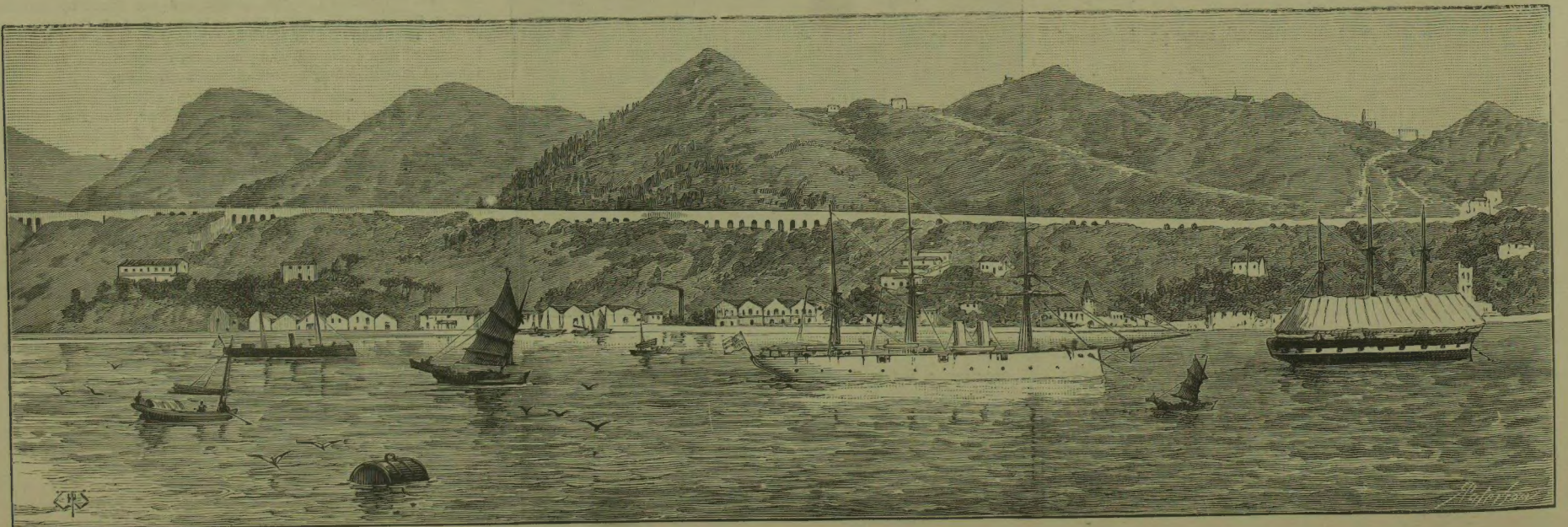
THE LATE REV. EDWIN HATCH, D.D.



DOM PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

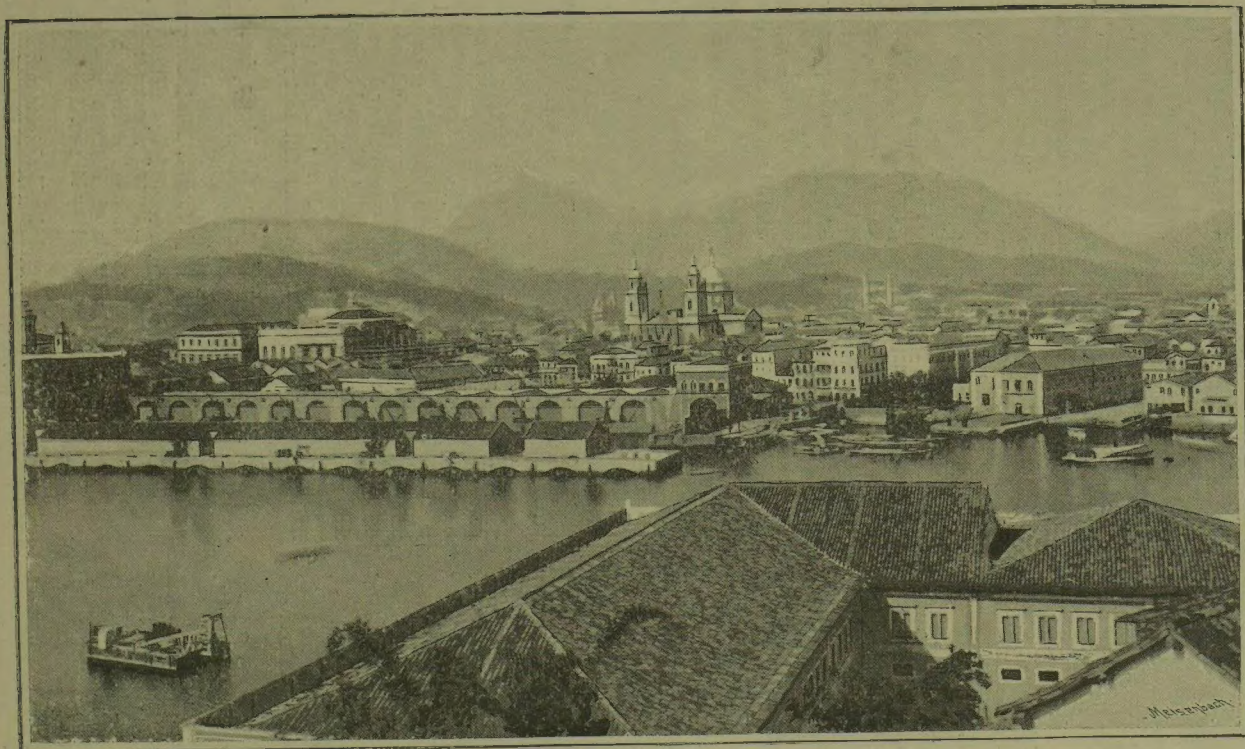


RESERVOIR AND DAM AT TYTAM.

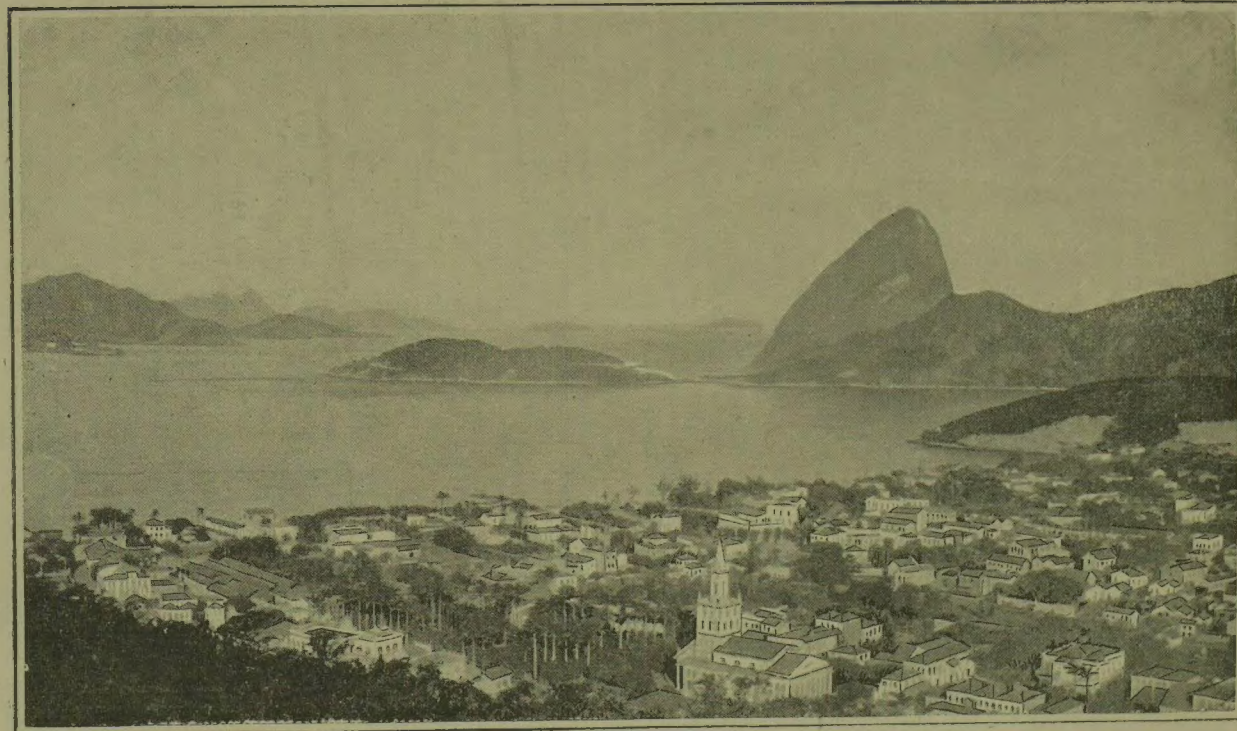


VIEW OF THE CONDUIT-ROAD FROM THE MAN-OF-WAR ANCHORAGE.

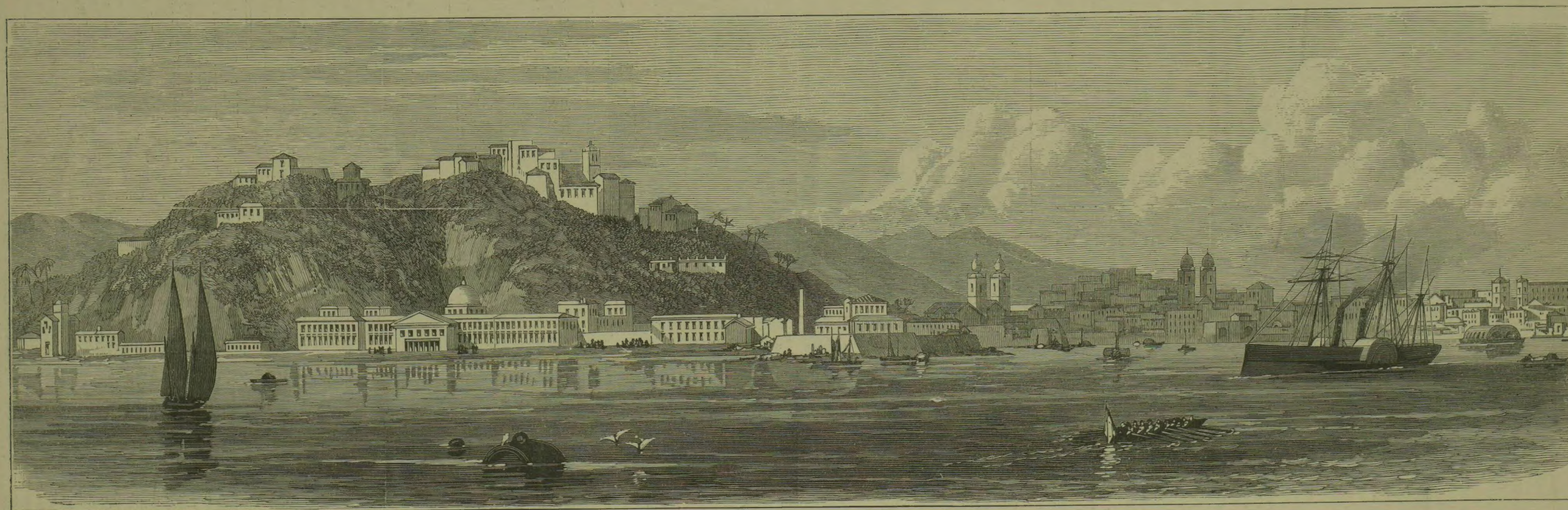
THE WATER SUPPLY OF HONG-KONG.



RIO DE JANEIRO, THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF RIO DE JANEIRO.



RIO DE JANEIRO: VIEW FROM THE SEA.

T H E R E V O L U T I O N I N B R A Z I L .

REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

Startling news from South America has reached us by telegraph: it is that of the sudden downfall of the last Monarchy existing on the Western Continent—saving the dependence of the Canadian Dominion on the British Empire—the transformation of Brazil, an apparently tranquil and prosperous State under the mild constitutional reign of the old Portuguese dynasty, into a Federal Republic, probably similar to those of the Spanish-American nations; but, happily, without any prospect of foreign intervention, as no European Sovereignty can pretend to be injured by this important event.

Brazil was discovered by a Portuguese navigator at the beginning of the sixteenth century—was allotted to the dominions of the Kingdom of Portugal by the famous Papal decree which divided the continent of the New World, east and west of a certain line of longitude, between Portugal and Spain—and became a Portuguese colony about the time of the Spanish Conquest of Peru. In 1808, when Napoleon had despoiled the King of Portugal of his home dominion, his Majesty and the Royal family of Braganza emigrated to Brazil. The Colony was raised to the rank of a kingdom, and in 1822, when Spain and Portugal were again threatened with French interference, Brazil claimed her independence under Dom Pedro I., the legitimate heir to the Monarchy, who renounced his succession to the throne in Europe; while the Spanish colonies became Republics, and maintained a severe struggle for their political freedom. Dom Pedro gave a liberal constitution to the Brazilians in 1824, procured the formal recognition of their independence in the following year, and reigned with the title of Emperor, in which he was succeeded, in 1831, by his son, the Emperor Pedro II., born Dec. 2, 1825, and declared of age in 1840. This Emperor married, in 1843, a daughter of the late King Francis I. of Naples, and has a daughter, married to the French Orleans Prince the Comte d'Au, son of the Duke de Nemours; their son, Prince Pedro, who would be heir to the throne, is under age.

The Brazilian dominions are of vast territorial extent, nearly 2700 miles in length from north to south, and almost as much in extreme breadth, with an Atlantic coast-line of nearly 4000 miles. The total area of the country is nearly three and a quarter million square miles, greater than European Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, France, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Italy, and Greece together. On its northern boundary lie the Guianas (French, Dutch, and British), Venezuela, and part of Colombia. On the western border, shutting Brazil out from the Pacific, are Ecuador, part of Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, and a piece of the Argentine Republic. Its small southern border separates it from Uruguay. It borders on every State in South America except Chile. In 1879 the population was only 10,000,000, but it has been greatly increased since by immigration. The provinces of Brazil are twenty in number: Alto Amazonas, Gao Para, Maranhao, Piahy, Ceara, Rio Grande do Norte, Parahyba, Pernambuco, Alagoas, Serippe, Aracaju, Bahia, Espirito Santo, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Parana, Santa Catarina, Rio Grande do Sul, Minas Geraes, Goyaz, and Matto Grosso. Consular reports have spoken very highly of the prospects of some of those provinces. The principal productions of the country at present are coffee and sugar, cotton, indiarubber, tobacco, cocoa, and hides and skins. There is a comparatively small export of diamonds and gold. Coffee now forms three fourths of the Brazilian exports. The European and American capital invested in Brazil is very large. Railways and increased population are expected to do wonders for this vast country. The public debt is about one hundred millions sterling, half of which, probably, is held by English creditors.

Our accounts of the revolution so easily effected at the capital, Rio de Janeiro, on Friday, Nov. 15, are necessarily brief and imperfect. It seems to have been managed by General Deodoro da Fonseca, Commander of the garrison, who, on the night before, distributed bodies of troops in every part of the city; and in the morning, when Rio de Janeiro awoke, it was to listen to the Proclamation of the United States of Brazil. The Emperor and the Imperial family were at the palace of Petropolis, and thither Fonseca, accompanied by Professor Constant and a deputation of officers, proceeded to inform Dom Pedro of his dethronement and of the Proclamation of the Republic. The Emperor, who was supported by the Empress, the Crown Princess, her husband, and their three sons, received the deputation with composure. General Fonseca, who acted as spokesman, said that Brazil was advanced and civilised enough to dispense with the Monarchical form of Government. The country, while it was grateful to the Emperor for many useful and patriotic services, was firmly resolved for the future to recognise none but a Republican system of administration. Dom Pedro refused to sign a formal act of abdication, but, yielding to force, consented to leave the country without delay. The Provisional Government offered him the sum of half a million sterling, and a life-pension of £90,000 a year, as compensation for the loss of his throne. On Saturday night the Emperor and his family went on board the Brazilian gun-boat Parahyba, which was still flying the Imperial flag. In the harbour the Parahyba transferred the Imperial party to the Alagoas. The latter vessel steamed out on Sunday in the forenoon, convoyed by the cruiser Riachuelo and the Parahyba, bound for Lisbon.

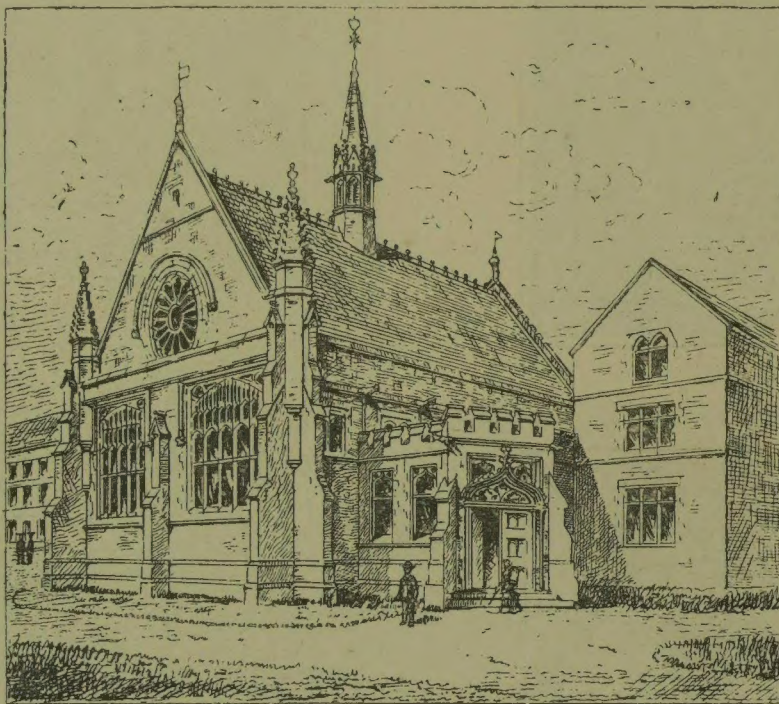
The new flag of the United States of Brazil, which takes the place of the Imperial emblem with the crown and coffee-leaf, is composed of green-and-gold stripes, with a blue field, on which are emblazoned nineteen stars. It is hoisted everywhere, and recognised in every province. The leaders of the Provisional Government are General Deodoro da Fonseca, the President; Senhor Ruy Barboza, the Minister of Finance; and Senhor Bocayuva, a journalist, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The city of Rio de Janeiro, with its suburbs, has a population exceeding half a million. It is situated on the west side of a noble bay, seventeen miles long and eleven miles wide, overlooked and sheltered by several high mountains of singular form, called the Sugar-loaf, the Hunchback, the Topsail, and the Two Brothers, rising to 2600 ft., while the more distant range of the Organ Mountains is 7000 ft. or 8000 ft. high. The slopes of these mountains are clad in the richest verdure, with plantations, parks, and well-cultivated fields. There are several beautiful islands in the bay, which is usually calm and one of the best harbours in the world. The streets of the town are mostly narrow, and the buildings not generally handsome, except the Bank of Brazil, the Hospital of the Misericordia, and a few private mansions. There is a great deal of commercial bustle, and much social activity. Rio possesses a flourishing University and Colleges, scientific and literary institutions, and public schools. The suburbs, Botafogo, with its delightful Botanic Gardens, and Gloria, San Cristovao, where the Emperor had his town palace, and his more distant summer palace of Petropolis, are agreeable places.

CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The new buildings of this college were opened on Saturday, Nov. 16, by Lord Hartington, representing his father, the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. These buildings, of red brick dressed with stone, were designed by Messrs. Giles, Gough, and Trollope, and constructed, at a cost of about £6500, by Messrs. Claridge and Bloxam of Banbury. They have an entrance-hall and porter's lodge, communicating with the several blocks by a colonnade, with open pointed arches and a court to the left, bounded on the other side by the hall. At the end of this court runs a passage with arched grills, into which open on the left the hall, on the right the kitchens. The hall, 81 ft. long by 43 ft. wide, is of red brick, interior and exterior. The floor has a dais at the south end. The walls, to the height of 6 ft., are panelled with American walnut. The roof is pitch pine, with a fleche for purposes of ventilation, the top 95 ft. from the ground. It is lighted by two large windows and one rose-window at the south end, smaller windows on each side, and one rose-window to the north. At the north end of the hall is a gallery 9 ft. wide. Opening out of the hall to the right is the combination-room, which opens into a court corresponding to that on the left of the entrance colonnade. On the opposite side of the arched passage are the kitchen, buttery, larders, scullery, store-rooms, and servants' hall. Over the high table hangs a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire.

Cavendish College was originally founded, on a proprietary basis, by the County College Association, Limited, with the objects of enabling students somewhat younger than ordinary undergraduates to pass through a University course and obtain a University degree; of training in the art of teaching those students who wish to become schoolmasters; and of securing the greatest possible economy in cost as well as in time. It was formally opened in 1876, but previous to that date students had been residing in a temporary college under the direction of the Rev. Prebendary Brereton, the chairman of directors of the association. At first the students of the college matriculated as non-collegiate students of the University, but in 1882 the college was recognised by grace of the Senate as a public hostel in the University, which gave the college a position in relation to its students and to the University similar to that of the other colleges. The funds of the association were exhausted before the buildings were



CENTRAL HALL, CAVENDISH COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

finished; but in 1887 the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. G. E. Foster came forward, the Duke contributing £5000 and Mr. Foster £5030; Mr. E. B. Foster gave £530, Lord Derby £500, and the generosity of other friends brought the total to about £15,000. The government of the college, which is now incorporated as an educational institution under the Companies Acts, is vested in a council, which contains representatives of the Council of the Senate of the University and of the graduate members of the college.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) was present at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, on Nov. 14, when the Rev. Charles Lowther Arnold, son of Lady Charlotte Arnold, and grandson of the third Lord Cholmondeley, was married to Miss Mary Tyler, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Tyler of Carshalton. The bride was given away by her brother, and attended by nine youthful bridesmaids and three pages.

A marriage of some interest in literary circles took place on Nov. 4 at St. Michael's, Chester-square, between Mr. Archibald Grove, editor of the *New Review*, and Mrs. Edmund Gurney. Major Grove, the bridegroom's brother, acted as the best man, and Mrs. Gurney's mother gave the bride away.

General J. H. Wingfield has been selected for the Honorary Colonelcy of the East Yorkshire Regiment.

According to the Registrar-General's return the deaths registered in London in the week ending Nov. 16 were 1451, being 238 below the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Mr. S. B. Bristowe, Q.C., Judge of the Nottingham County Court, was shot when about to enter a train at the local railway station on Nov. 19 by a German named Arnemann, who has been an unsuccessful suitor in his Honour's court. The bullet entered the back, just below the left shoulder blade, and Mr. Bristowe remains in a critical condition. Arnemann has been arrested.

Sir Edward Guinness, the head of the great Irish firm of brewers, has placed in the hands of Lord Rowton, Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, and Mr. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works, £250,000, to be held by them, in trust, for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. Of this amount £200,000 is to be expended in London, and £50,000 in Dublin. The income derived from the rents of the houses, which are intended for people somewhat poorer than those who avail themselves of the existing artisans' dwellings, is to be reinvested with a view to the further development of the scheme.

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

As the approach of Christmas brings forth the seasonable swarm of illustrated gift-books, Special Numbers of periodicals, and illuminated cards for tokens of friendly personal remembrance, it is time for us to notice some of these publications, with due recognition of their artistic or literary merits. In the first place, however, we should mention several volumes of a superior class, in which standard works of interest are reprinted with the ornament of handsome typography and with accompanying designs worthy of the text and subject; these books, although not peculiarly associated by their topics or style with the Christmas festivities, being often chosen for gifts towards the end of the year.

"The Paradise of Birds," a charming, playful lyrical and dramatic poem by Mr. W. J. Courthope, appeared nearly twenty years ago; but the elegant new edition, with illustrative drawings by Mr. Lancelot Speed, which Messrs. Hatchard of Piccadilly have produced, will be received with fresh favour. The author, who has long since won high repute as an accomplished literary scholar and critic, seems to have caught the strain of sportive musical mirth and amiable derision, in which Aristophanes made Attic fun of the popular inconsistencies of the ancient Greek world. But Mr. Courthope, as an English nineteenth-century Conservative, finds plenty of matter for allusive satire in his imitation of the classical comedy. Its plan may be deemed to owe somewhat to "The Clouds" as well as to "The Birds"; for it exhibits two adventurous companions, Windbag and Maresnest, voyaging up the northern sky in search of an imagined Paradise, and arriving in the veritable Nephelococcygia, where sages of the feathered race instruct them how to shun the follies and vices of mankind.

"Flowers of Paradise," a new children's gift-book, verses, music, and designs by Mr. Reginald Francis Hallward, is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It is likely to take a prominent place, not only among books of the season, but as one of the many beautiful and artistic picture-books already well known to the public. Mr. Hallward's designs are original as well as beautiful, and originality in such work has not been the general rule. The verses, too, are charming, and the music is appropriate; the whole book possesses a unity and completeness only possible when artist, poet, and musician are in such close collaboration as in this case. We have seldom met with so striking a book of the kind: it will certainly gain a wide popularity, and will prove a most attractive Christmas gift, not only to the children for whose delight it has been so daintily decorated, but to their elders, whose more educated taste may enable them to appreciate good design and clever workmanship.

"The Quiet Life," a volume published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., exquisitely printed on the finest thick vellum paper, and finely bound in crimson morocco leather with pretty gilt decoration, contains a few select passages from English poets, with prologue and epilogue by Mr. Austin Dobson, to which Mr. Edwin Abbey and Mr. Alfred Parsons furnish numerous appropriate designs. A handsomer book can hardly be produced, nor one that better commends the delights of tranquillity in a retired and peaceful home.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode continue publishing the series of plates in which the text of the comical "Ingoldsby Legends" is engraved in quaint letters, interleaved with Mr. Ernest Jessop's clever drawings, frequently beautiful as well as characteristic and humorous, and decorated in every page with charming artistic devices, aided by some partial colouring that enhances the effects of light and shade. A good example of this last-mentioned contrivance is the scene in "Netley Abbey," where the graceful seated figure of the imprisoned maiden, like a white statue amid surrounding darkness, is set off by the ruddy illumination of the outer arch and wall. Our old friend "The Jackdaw of Rheims," with the splendid Cardinal Lord Archbishop in his scarlet robes, appears once more in another of these amusing publications.

The classics of English literature are ever worthy both of scholarly and artistic efforts to reproduce them with fresh aids and ornaments, which is accomplished, by one skilful hand, for Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth," in a grand edition published by the Sampson Low firm; Mr. J. Moyr Smith has written a learned critical introduction and instructive notes, and has also drawn some twenty illustrative etchings, which have a certain degree of merit. Antiquarian details are closely regarded, and the old spelling of the text is preserved. The same publishers have issued an edition of Sheridan's comedy "The Rivals," with numerous very good illustrations by Mr. Frank H. Gregory, five of which are aquatint plates, and nearly forty drawings in black and white, making as pleasant a book as can be wished for on the drawing-room table.

Fairy-tales and other writings addressed to youthful sentiment or fancy are not wanting at this season of the year. The productions of two members of the family of Sir Noel Paton, a well-known Scottish Artist, claim due attention. Miss Mona Noel Paton's "Two Old Tales Retold," which are those of "Beauty and the Beast" and "Jack the Giant-killer," in simple and elegant prose, are illustrated by Mr. Hubert Paton with drawings of considerable power, and the combination is so lively that Messrs. Banks and Co., the Edinburgh publishers, may expect a decided success. The same good reception doubtless awaits an original Fantasy by Miss Ethel Wilmot-Buxton, "Wee Folk, Good Folk," with illustrations by Florence Cooper (Sampson Low and Co.); also Lady Lindsay's pleasing essay "About Robins," with her selection of poetry on those familiar home birds, and her drawings, which are beautifully coloured (Routledge and Sons), while "The Demon Cat" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), which is a naval melodrama by Mr. C. W. Cole and Mr. W. Ralston, pictorially narrated, cannot fail to be welcomed as very good fun.

With "Holly Leaves," the Christmas issue of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is presented a coloured reproduction of Sir J. E. Millais' picture "The Ducklings," which has won high favour. The literary contents are varied and entertaining.

An artist calling himself "Talberg," whose pencil cleverly tells a droll "tale without words," exhibits a shooting adventure in one little book of sketches, and a fishing adventure in another, published by Messrs. Morison Brothers of Glasgow.

The illustrated booklets and the Christmas and New Year's cards produced by Messrs. Raphael Trust and Sons, of Coleman-street, are tasteful, pretty, and of great variety in device and decoration. It is said that a lucky gentleman has got a legacy of £40,000 by sending one of these cards to his wealthy aunt. Messrs. Birn Brothers of Finsbury-street have also published a series of "Christmas Home Welcomes," of elegant pattern, with "frosted" wintry ornament, but likely to be warmly received.

OBITUARY.

EARL MOUNTCASHELL.

The Right Hon. Stephen Moore, Earl Mountcashell and Viscount Mountcashell, of Cashell, in the county of Tipperary, and Baron Kilworth, of Moore Park, in the county of Cork, in the Peerage of Ireland, died on Nov. 9. He was born March 11, 1825, the eldest son of Stephen, third Earl Mountcashell (whose great-grandfather, Stephen Moore of Kilworth, M.P. for Tipperary, was elevated to the Peerage in 1764), by Anna Maria, his wife, daughter of Mr. Samuel Wyss of Berne, Switzerland. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. Lord Mountcashell was never married, and the title now devolves on his brother, Charles William More-Smyth of Ballynatray, fifth Earl Mountcashell, who was born Oct. 17, 1826, and married, Jan. 18, 1848, the only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Richard Smyth of Ballynatray, in the county of Waterford, whose surname and arms he assumed by Royal License July 9, 1858, and had (with two daughters, Lady Harriette Holroyd and Lady Charlotte More-Smyth) a son, Richard Charles, who married, in 1884, Helen, younger

daughter of the Rev. William Mackellar, and died in 1888, leaving a son, Claude Stephen William, now Lord Kilworth, born in 1887.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, BART.

Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., J.P. and D.L., the eminent civil engineer, died at Blackhurst, Tunbridge Wells, on Nov. 13, in his eighty-first year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. William Peto of Cookham, Berks, and was formerly a member of the firms of Grissell and Peto and Peto and Betts. For several years he sat in Parliament, successively for Norwich, Finsbury, and Bristol. A baronetcy was conferred on him on Feb. 22, 1855, in consideration of his public and gratuitous superintendence of the railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol in December 1854. Sir Morton married—first, in 1831, Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas De la Garde Grissell of Stockwell; and secondly, in 1843, Sarah Ainsworth, daughter of Mr. Henry Kelsall of Rochdale. By the former (who died in 1842) he leaves a son and successor, the present Sir Henry Peto, second Baronet, M.A., barrister-at-law, born Aug. 10, 1840, who married, in 1874, Mary, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Fuller, Rector of St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

THE VERY REV. JOHN BRAMSTON.

The Very Rev. John Bramston, D.D., late Dean of Winchester, whose death is announced, at his residence, Witham Close, Winchester, was born in 1804. He was the second son of the late Mr. Thomas Gardiner Bramston of Skreens, M.P. for Essex, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Blaauw,

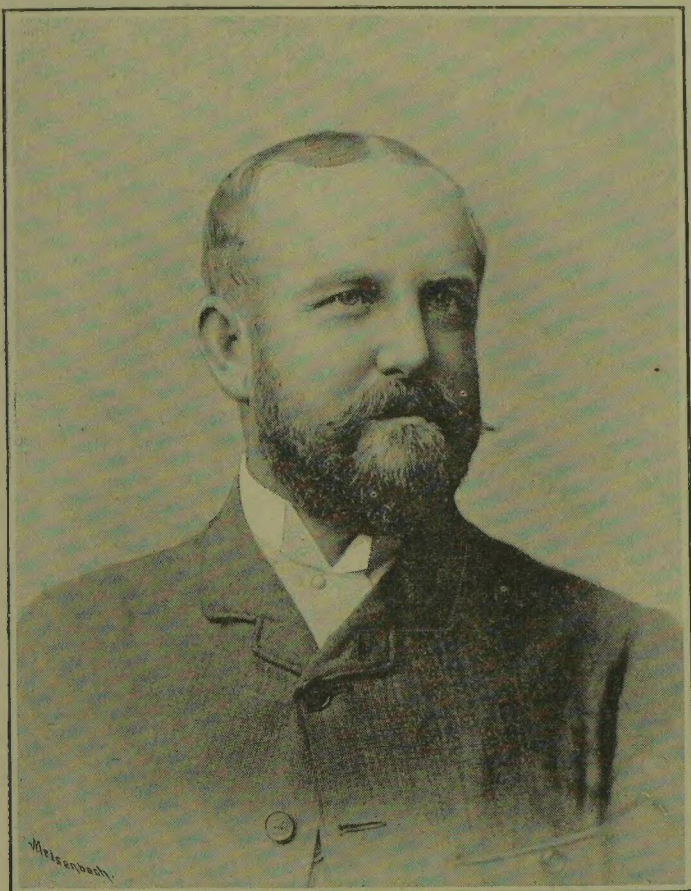
Queen Anne-street. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated in the second class in classical honours in the year 1824, and was ordained in 1827. He was Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, 1825 to 1830; Vicar of Great Baddow, 1830 to 1840; and Vicar of Witham, Essex, 1840 to 1872. From 1863 to 1872 he was an honorary Canon of Rochester, and held the Deanery of Winchester from 1872 to 1883. He was twice married—first to Clarissa, only daughter of the late Sir Nicholas Trant; and secondly to Anna, daughter of the late Mr. Osgood Hanbury of Holfield Grange, Essex, and leaves issue.

MR. LEATHAM.

Mr. William Henry Leatham, late of Hemsworth Hall, Pontefract, J.P. and D.L., M.P., first for Wakefield and subsequently for the West Riding of Yorkshire, died at Carleton on Nov. 14, in his seventy-fifth year. He was son of Mr. William Leatham of Heath, banker at Wakefield, Pontefract, and Doncaster, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Joshua Walker, M.D. He was himself engaged in banking for several years, until 1851, when he retired. Mr. Leatham was author of "Tales of English Life" and "Miscellanies," and published also lectures delivered at Mechanics' Institutes. He married, Feb. 21, 1839, Priscilla, daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney of West Ham, Essex, and had eight sons and one daughter. His eldest sister, Margaret, was the second wife of the late Mr. John Bright, M.P.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. George Churchill of Alderholt Park, Fordingbridge, J.P., on Nov. 12, in his seventy-ninth year. He was second



THE LATE COMMANDER J. F. PULLEN, R.N.



THE LATE COLONEL MOORE, V.C., C.B.

son of the Rev. William Rush Hallett Churchill of Colliton and Muston, Dorset, of an old county family.

Mr. W. J. Fritze, Senior Constructor of Portsmouth Dockyard, suddenly, on Nov. 14.

Mr. James Ormrod of Halliwell Lodge and Pen-y-lan, Ruabon, a very opulent manufacturer, on Nov. 12, at Bolton, aged eighty-one.

Mr. Robert Whelan Boyle, for the last twelve years editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, on Nov. 13, at his residence in the Caledonian-road, aged sixty-seven.

Colonel William Staines Daniell, late 2nd Battalion King's Own Light Infantry, at his residence, Aghaloo, in the county of Derry, aged fifty-one.

THE LATE COMMANDER J. F. PULLEN, R.N.

We have heard with regret of the death of this useful naval officer, at Bonny, West Coast of Africa, on Nov. 3. The laying of a telegraph-cable down that coast offered a means of determining with great accuracy the longitude of all places on the coast where it touched, and Commander Pullen was directed to perform this service on being relieved from the command of H.M.S. *Stork* last May. He was afterwards to undertake the survey of the rivers falling into the Rio del Rey in the Bights of Benin, to assist in determining the boundaries of Great Britain and Germany in these parts. Commander Pullen was at Bonny to make the necessary arrangements, when fever seized him, and after a short illness he died, having, with that zeal that always distinguished him, attempted, during a brief remittance of the fever, to resume his astronomical observations only the evening before his death. In command of surveys in different parts of the world, Commander Pullen has done much and varied excellent work. One of his good services was the discovery, last year, of the Avocat rock, a sunken reef in the very track of our great mail-steamers in the Red Sea.

The photograph was taken by Messrs. Heath and Bullingham, Plymouth.

The Right Rev. Edward Parry, D.D., Oxford, Bishop Suffragan of Dover, Canon and Archdeacon of Canterbury, has resigned the bishopric owing to continued ill-health. He was appointed Archdeacon and Canon of Canterbury in 1869, and in the following year Suffragan to Archbishop Tait. The resignation is to take effect on Jan. 1 next.

At a recent meeting of the Hull Town Council, it was unanimously resolved to confer the honorary freedom of the borough on Sir Albert K. Rollit, M.P., and Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P., "as a recognition of valuable services rendered to the town." It was also resolved to present the freedom in caskets,

at a municipal banquet. This is only the second time on which the freedom has been conferred; the Marquis of Ripon, K.G., High Steward of Hull, having previously been appointed as the first honorary freeman in England.

The twenty-first great national Poultry, Pigeon, and Rabbit Show was opened on Nov. 18, under the most favourable circumstances, at the Crystal Palace, and continued open till the 21st. The entries numbered 6886, divided into 473 classes. Included in the prizes, all of a valuable character, were eighteen challenge cups for poultry, twenty for pigeons, and two for rabbits, as well as over 150 special cups and pieces of plate, the total value of the plate amounting to nearly £1000. The exhibitors numbered upwards of 1800.

Miss Claughton, daughter of Bishop Claughton, laid the foundation-stone of the new parish church of Plaistow on Nov. 14. The Rev. T. Given-Wilson, Vicar of Plaistow, pointed out that the population of the parish had increased from 1800 in 1843 to between 70,000 and 80,000 in 1889, and, although the parish had been subdivided for Church purposes, the old parish church of St. Mary, with sitting accommodation for less than 1200 persons, was called upon to satisfy the spiritual needs of about 15,000. A new parish church was now about to be built for £8500.

The Christmas Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* is a capital shilling's-worth, containing a story, "Mate in Two Moves," by David Christie Murray and Henry Herman; another, entitled "A Dear Little Girl," by Ella Hepworth Dixon; and an instalment of a story, "Janet," by Mrs. Oliphant, which is to be continued, under the title of "The Story of a Governess," week by week in the ordinary issue, until completed. There are verses by Oscar Wilde and Horace Lennard. Two Coloured Pictures—namely, Mr. F. M. Skipworth's "Daughter of the Sun," admirably executed, and Mr. Louis Wain's amusing kitten "See-Saw"—are given with the Number, which contains numerous Seasonable Illustrations by artists of note.

Mr. Arthur Tempest Pollard, M.A. Oxon, Vice-Master of the Manchester Grammar School, has been appointed by the Court of Common Council to the Headmastership of the City of London School. The *City Press* states that Mr. Pollard is thirty-five years of age, and was born at Brighouse, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was educated at St. Peter's School, York, under Canon Elwyn, the present Master of the Charterhouse. His career there was a very distinguished one. As head of the school he carried off the highest honours in classics, mathematics, and science, and obtained the School Exhibition to the University in 1871. In the next year he was elected to the first classical scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, subsequently being placed in the first class in Literæ Humaniores in 1876. His experience as a schoolmaster has been gained at Dulwich, Oxford, and Manchester.

THE LATE COLONEL HANS GARRETT MOORE, V.C., C.B.

This distinguished officer, who was accidentally drowned in Lough Derg, his boat being caught by a storm, was one of a very old Irish family. He was educated at the Royal School, Cuba House, King's County, and at Trinity College, Dublin; was gazetted in June 1855 to the Connaught Rangers, and served in the Indian Mutiny campaign, at the Siege of Lucknow, the Siege of Calpee, and the action of Selimpore, where he was slightly wounded; he was mentioned in despatches, and received the medal, with clasp, for Central India. He also served in the Ashantee War of 1874, raising a force of the Wassaw and Dunkern tribes, and held the brevet rank of Major; in the Kaffir War of 1877-8 he commanded at the affairs near Dravibosch, where he was severely wounded, and his horse was shot under him three times. He further commanded small columns in the subsequent operations in the Komgha and Chickhaha districts, was three times mentioned in despatches, and gained his substantive majority, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Besides the medal with clasp, he was decorated with the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery in endeavouring to save the life of a soldier surrounded by the enemy and not desisting from the attempt until the man was killed. Colonel Moore served in the Egyptian War of 1882 as Provost Marshal at Headquarters, and was present at the action of Kassassin and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Being mentioned in the despatches, he obtained the honours of C.B., Third Class of the Osmanieh, and the Khedive's Star. He subsequently held command of the Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland) Highlanders.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. C. Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Mr. J. F. Moulton, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple, in succession to the late Judge M'Intyre.

The Earl of Northbrook has accepted the office of President of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society for 1890, when the annual meeting and show will be held at Winchester.

The Presbyterian Church at Ipswich has been enriched by nine stained-glass windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor of Berners-street, illustrating Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The fourth series of the successful subscription dances called the "Portman Cinderellas," given in aid of the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway-road, will be held on Thursdays, Dec. 19, Jan. 9 and 23, and Feb. 6 and 20. Tickets are obtainable only upon introduction by a patroness or steward. Prospectuses containing all information will be sent on application to the secretary of the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway-road, N.



BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER LII.

THE DEAD MAN'S PHOTOGRAPH.



HE is quite dead," said the doctor, with one finger on the man's pulse and another lifting his eyelid. "He is dead. I did not look for so speedy an end. It is not half an hour since I left him breathing peacefully. Did he show signs of consciousness?"

"No, Sir; I found him dead."

"This morning he was cheerful. It is not unusual in these complaints. I have observed it in many cases of my own experience. On the last morning of life, at the very moment

when Death is standing on the threshold with uplifted dart, the patient is cheerful and even joyous: he is more hopeful than he has felt for many months; he thinks—nay, he is sure—that he is recovering: he says he shall be up and about before long: he has not felt so strong since the beginning of his illness. Then Death strikes him, and he falls." He made this remark in a most impressive manner.

"Nothing remains," he said, "but to certify the cause of death and to satisfy the proper forms and authorities. I charge myself with this duty. The unfortunate young man belonged to a highly distinguished family. I will communicate with his friends and forward his papers. One last office I can do for him. For the sake of his family, nurse, I will take a last photograph of him as he lies upon his death-bed." Lord Harry stood in the doorway, listening with an aching and a fearful heart. He dared not enter the chamber. It was the Chamber of Death. What was his own part in calling the Destroying Angel who is at the beck and summons of every man—even the meanest? Call him—and he comes. Order him to strike—and he obeys. But under penalties.

The doctor's prophecy, then, had come true. But in what

way and by what agency? The man was dead. What was his own share in the man's death? He knew when the Dane was brought into the house that he was brought there to die. As the man did not die, but began to recover fast, he had seen in the doctor's face that the man would have to die. He had heard the doctor prophesy out of his medical knowledge that the man would surely die; and then, after the nurse had been sent away because her patient required her services no longer, he had seen the doctor give the medicine which burned the patient's throat. What was that medicine? Not only had it burned his throat, but it caused him to fall into a deep sleep, in which his heart ceased to beat and his blood ceased to flow.

He turned away and walked out of the cottage. For an hour he walked along the road. Then he stopped and walked back. Ropes drew him; he could no longer keep away. He felt as if something must have happened. Possibly he would find the doctor arrested and the police waiting for himself, to be charged as an accomplice or a principal.

He found no such thing. The doctor was in the salon, with letters and official forms before him. He looked up cheerfully. "My English friend," he said, "the unexpected end of this young Irish gentleman is a very melancholy affair. I have ascertained the name of the family solicitors and have written to them. I have also written to his brother as the head of the house. I find also, by examination of his papers, that his life is insured—the amount is not stated, but I have communicated the fact of the death. The authorities—they are, very properly, careful in such matters—have received the necessary notices and forms: to-morrow, all legal forms having been gone through, we bury the deceased."

"So soon?"

"So soon? In these cases of advanced pulmonary disease the sooner the better. The French custom of speedy interment may be defended as more wholesome than our own. On the other hand, I admit that it has its weak points. Cremation is, perhaps, the best and only method of removing the dead which is open to no objections except one. I mean, of course, the chance that the deceased may have met with his death by means of poison. But such cases are rare, and, in most instances, would be detected by the medical man in attendance before or at the time of death. I think we need not—My dear friend, you look ill. Are you upset by such a simple thing as the death of a sick man? Let me prescribe for you. A glass of brandy neat. So," he went into the *salle à manger* and returned with his medicine. "Take that. Now let us talk." The doctor continued his conversation in a cheerfully scientific strain, never alluding to the conspiracy or to the consequences which might follow. He told hospital stories bearing on deaths sudden and unexpected; some of them he treated in a jocular vein. The dead man in the next room was a Case: he knew of many similar and equally interesting Cases. When one has arrived at looking upon a dead man as a Case, there is little fear of the ordinary human weakness which makes us tremble in the awful presence of death.

Presently steps were heard outside. The doctor rose and left the room—but returned in a few minutes.

"The Croquemorts have come," he said. "They are with the nurse engaged upon their business. It seems revolting to the outside world. To them it is nothing but the daily routine of work. By-the-way, I took a photograph of his lordship in the presence of the nurse. Unfortunately—but look at it!"

"It is the face of the dead man"—Lord Harry turned away. "I don't want to see it. I cannot bear to see it. You forget—I was actually present when"—

"Not when he died. Come, don't be a fool. What I was going to say was this: The face is no longer in the least like you. Nobody who ever saw you once even would believe that this is your face. The creature—he has given us an unconscionable quantity of trouble—was a little like you when he first came. I was wrong in supposing that this likeness was permanent. Now he is dead, he is not in the least like you. I ought to have remembered that the resemblance would fade away and disappear in death. Come and look at him."

"No, no."

"Weakness! Death restores to every man his individuality. No two men are like in death, though they may be like in life. Well. It comes to this: We are going to bury Lord Harry Norland to-morrow, and we must have a photograph of him as he lay on his deathbed."

"Well?"

"Well, my friend, go upstairs to your own room, and I will follow with the camera."

In a quarter of an hour he was holding the glass against his sleeve.

"Admirable!" he said. "The cheek a little sunken—that was the effect of the chalk and the adjustment of the shadows—the eyes closed, the face white, the hands composed. It is admirable! Who says that we cannot make the sun tell lies?"

He spent an hour or two in developing and printing a fresh copy from the negative. This he mounted and gave to Lord Harry.

"There," he said, "we shall get a better print to-morrow. This is the first copy."

He had mounted it on a frame of card, and had written under it the name once borne by the dead man, with the date of his death. The picture seemed indeed that of a dead man. Lord Harry shuddered.

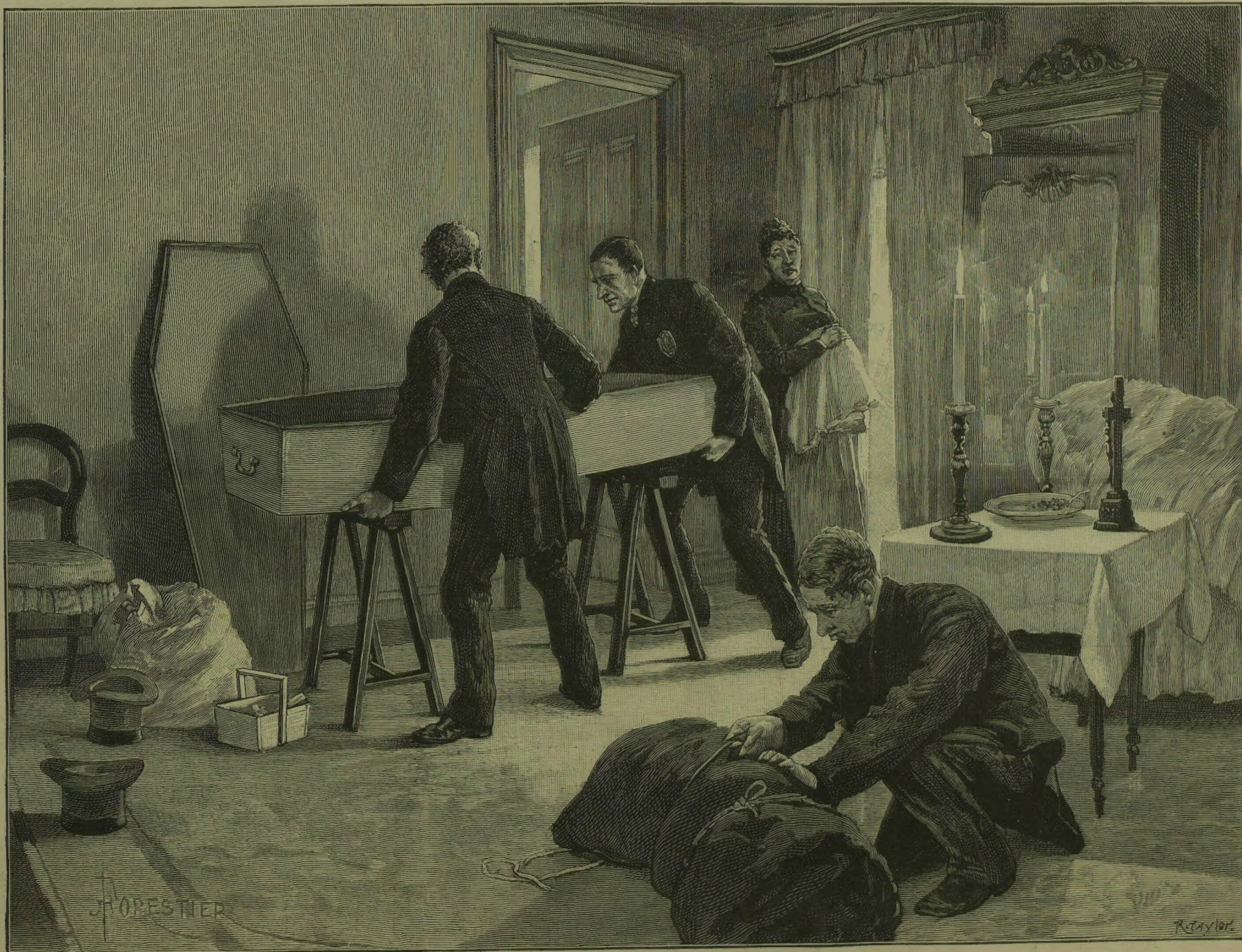
"There," he said, "everything else has been of no use to us—the presence of the sick man—the suspicions of the nurse—his death—even his death—has been of no use to us! We might have been spared the memory—the awful memory—of this death!"

"You forget, my English friend, that a dead body was necessary for us. We had to bury somebody. Why not the man Oxbye?"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE WIFE'S RETURN.

Of course Mrs. Vimpany was quite right. Iris had gone back to her husband. She arrived, in fact, at the cottage in the evening just before dark—in the falling day, when some people are more than commonly sensitive to sights and sounds, and when the eyes are more apt than at other times to be deceived by strange appearances. Iris walked into the garden, finding no one there. She opened the door with her own key and let herself in. The house struck her as strangely empty and silent. She opened the dining-room door: no one was there. Like all French dining-rooms, it was used for no other purpose than for eating, and furnished with little more than the barest necessities. She closed the door and opened that of the salon: that also was empty. She called her husband: there was no answer. She called the name of the cook: there was no answer.



"The Croquemorts have come. They are with the nurse engaged upon their business."



He rushed into the house and lifted his wife upon the bed.

It was fortunate that she did not open the door of the spare room, for there lay the body of the dead man. She went upstairs to her husband's room. That too was empty. But there was something lying on the table—a photograph. She took it up. Her face became white suddenly and swiftly. She shrieked aloud, then dropped the picture and fell fainting to the ground. For the photograph was nothing less than that of her husband, dead, in his white grave-clothes, his hands composed, his eyes closed, his cheek waxen.

The cry fell upon the ears of Lord Harry, who was in the garden below. He rushed into the house and lifted his wife upon the bed. The photograph showed him plainly what had happened.

She came to her senses again, but seeing her husband alive before her, and remembering what she had seen, she shrieked again, and fell into another swoon.

"What is to be done now?" asked the husband. "What shall I tell her? How shall I make her understand? What can I do for her?"

As for help, there was none—the nurse was gone on some errand; the doctor was arranging for the funeral of Oxbye under the name of Lord Harry Norland; the cottage was empty.

Such a fainting fit does not last for ever. Iris came round, and sat up, looking wildly around.

"What is it?" she cried. "What does it mean?"

"It means, my love, that you have returned to your husband." He laid an arm round her, and kissed her again and again.

"You are my Harry!—living!—my own Harry?"

"Your own Harry, my darling. What else should I be?"

"Tell me then, what does it mean—that picture—that horrid photograph?"

"That means nothing—nothing—a freak—a joke of the doctor's. What could it mean?" He took it up. "Why, my dear, I am living—living and well. What should this mean but a joke?"

He laid it on the table again, face downwards. But her

eyes showed that she was not satisfied. Men do not make jokes upon Death—it is a sorry jest indeed to dress up a man in grave-clothes, and make a photograph of him as of one dead.

"But you—you, my Iris; you are here—tell me how and why—and when, and everything? Never mind that stupid picture: tell me."

"I got your letter, Harry," she replied.

"My letter?" he repeated. "Oh! my dear, you got my letter, and you saw that your husband loved you still."

"I could not keep away from you, Harry, whatever had happened. I stayed as long as I could. I thought about you day and night. And at last I—I—I came back. Are you angry with me, Harry?"

"Angry? Good God! my dearest, angry?" He kissed her passionately—not the less passionately that she had returned at a time so terrible. What was he to say to her? How was he to tell her? While he showered kisses on her he was asking himself these questions. When she found out—when he should confess to her the whole truth: she would leave him again.

Yet he did not understand the nature of the woman who loves. He held her in his arms; his kisses pleaded for him; they mastered her—she was ready to believe, to accept, to surrender even her truth and honesty; and she was ready, though she knew it not, to become the accomplice of a crime. Rather than leave her husband again, she would do everything.

Yet, Lord Harry felt there was one reservation: he might confess everything, except the murder of the Dane. No word of confession had passed the doctor's lips, yet he knew too well that the man had been murdered; and, so far as the man had been chosen for his resemblance to himself, that was perfectly useless, because the resemblance, though striking at the first, had been gradually disappearing as the man Oxbye grew better; and was now, as we have seen, wholly lost after death.

"I have a great deal—a great deal—to tell you, dear," said the husband, holding both her hands tenderly. "You will have to be very patient with me. You must make up your mind to be shocked at first, though I shall be able to convince you that there was really nothing else to be done—nothing else at all."

"Oh! go on, Harry. Tell me all. Hide nothing."

"I will tell you all," he replied.

"First, where is that poor man whom the doctor brought here and Fanny nursed? And where is Fanny?"

"The poor man," he replied carelessly, "made so rapid a recovery that he has got on his legs and gone away—I believe, to report himself to the hospital whence he came. It is a great triumph for the doctor, whose new treatment is now proved to be successful. He will make a grand flourish of trumpets about it. I dare say, if all he claims for it is true, he has taken a great step in the treatment of lung diseases."

Iris had no disease of the lungs, and consequently cared very little for the scientific aspect of the question.

"Where is my maid, then?"

"Fanny? She went away—let me see: to-day is Friday—on Wednesday morning. It was no use keeping her here. The man was well, and she was anxious to get back to you. So she started on Wednesday morning, proposing to take the night boat from Dieppe. She must have stopped somewhere on the way."

"I suppose she will go to see Mrs. Vimpany. I will send her a line there."

"Certainly. That will be sure to find her."

"Well, Harry, is there anything else to tell me?"

"A great deal," he repeated. "That photograph, Iris, which frightened you so much has been very carefully taken by Vimpany for a certain reason."

"What reason?"

"There are occasions," he replied, "when the very best thing that can happen to a man is the belief that he is dead. Such a juncture of affairs has happened to myself—and to you—at this moment. It is convenient—even necessary—for me that the world should believe me dead. In point of fact, I must be dead henceforth. Not for anything that I have done, or that I am afraid of—don't think that. No; it is for the simple reason that I have no longer any money or any resources whatever. That is why I must be dead. Had you not returned in this unexpected manner, my dear, you would have heard of my death from the doctor, and he would have left it to chance to find a convenient opportunity of letting you know the truth. I am, however, deeply grieved that I was so careless as to leave that photograph upon the table."

"I do not understand," she said. "You pretend to be dead?"

"Yes. I must have money. I have some left—a very little. I must have money; and, in order to get it, I must be dead."

"How will that help?"

"Why, my dear, I am insured, and my insurances will be paid after my death; but not before."

"Oh! must you get money—even by a?"—She hesitated.

"Call it a conspiracy, my dear, if you please. As there is no other way whatever left, I must get money that way."

"Oh, this is dreadful! A conspiracy, Harry? a—a—fraud?"

"If you please. That is the name which lawyers give to it."

"But oh, Harry!—it is a crime. It is a thing for which men are tried and found guilty and sentenced."

"Certainly: if they are found out. Meantime, it is only the poor, ignorant, clumsy fool who gets found out. In the City these things are done every day. Quite as a matter of course," he added carelessly. "It is not usual for men to take their wives into confidence, but in this case I must take you into confidence: I have no choice, as you will understand directly."

"Tell me, Harry, who first thought of this way?"

"Vimpany, of course. Oh! give him the credit where real cleverness is concerned. Vimpany suggested the thing. He found me well-nigh as desperately hard up as he is himself. He suggested it. At first, I confess, I did not like it. I refused to listen to any more talk about it. But, you see, when one meets destitution face to face, one will do anything—everything. Besides, as I will show you, this is not really a fraud. It is only an anticipation of a few years. However, there was another reason."

"Was it to find the money to meet the promissory note?"

"My dear, you may forget—you may resolve never to throw the thing in my teeth; but my love for you will never suffer me to forget that I have lost your little fortune in a doubtful speculation. It is all gone, never to be recovered again; and this after I had sworn never to touch a farthing of it. Iris!"—he started to his feet and walked about the room as one who is agitated by emotion—"Iris! I could face imprisonment for debt, I could submit to pecuniary ruin, for that matter; the loss of money would not cause me the least trouble, but I cannot endure to have ruined you."

"Oh! Harry, as if I mind. Everything that I have is yours. When I gave you myself I gave all. Take—use—lose it all. As you think, I should never feel reproach, far less utter a word of blame. Dearest Harry, if that is all!"

"No; it is the knowledge that you will not even feel reproach that is my constant accuser. At my death you will get all back again. But I am not old; I may live for many, many years to come. How can I wait for my own death when I can repair this wickedness by a single stroke?"

"But by another wickedness—and worse."

"No—not another crime. Remember that this money is mine. It will come to my heirs some day, as surely as to-morrow's sun will rise. Sooner or later it will be mine; I will make it sooner, that is all. The Insurance Company will lose nothing but the paltry interest for the remainder of my life. My dear, if it is disgraceful to do this I will endure disgrace. It is easier to bear than the constant self-reproach which I feel when I think of you and of the losses I have inflicted upon you."

Again he folded her in his arms; he knelt before her; he wept over her. Carried out of herself by this passion, Iris made no more resistance.

"Is it—is it," she asked timidly, "too late to draw back?"

"It is too late," he replied, thinking of the dead man below. "It is too late. All is completed."

"My poor Harry! What shall we do? How shall we live? How shall we contrive never to be found out?"

She would not leave him, then. She accepted the situation. He was amazed at the readiness with which she fell; but he did not understand how she was ready to cling to him, for better for worse, through worse evils than this; nor could he understand how things formerly impossible to her had been rendered possible by the subtle deterioration of the moral nature, when a woman of lofty mind at the beginning loves and is united to a man of lower nature and coarser fibre than herself. Only a few months before, Iris would have swept aside these sophistries with swift and resolute hand. Now she accepted them.

"You have fallen into the doctor's hands, dear," she said.

"Pray Heaven it brings us not into worse evils! What can I say? It is through love of your wife—through love of your wife—oh! husband!" she threw herself into his arms, and forgave everything and accepted everything. Henceforth she would be—though this she knew not—the willing instrument of the two conspirators.

CHAPTER LIV.

ANOTHER STEP.

"I have left this terrible thing about once too often already," and Lord Harry took it from the table. "Let me put it in a place of safety."

He unlocked a drawer and opened it. "I will put it here," he said. "Why?"—as if suddenly recollecting something—"here is my will. I shall be leaving that about on the table next. Iris, my dear, I have left everything to you. All will be yours." He took out the document. "Keep it for me, Iris. It is yours. You may as well have it now, and then I know, in your careful hands, it will be quite safe. Not only is everything left to you, but you are the sole executrix."

Iris took the will without a word. She understood, now, what it meant. If she was the sole executrix she would have to act. If everything was left to her she would have to receive the money. Thus, at a single step, she became not only cognisant of the conspiracy, but the chief agent and instrument to carry it out.

This done, her husband had only to tell her what had to be done at once, in consequence of her premature arrival. He had planned, he told her, not to send for her—not to let her know or suspect anything of the truth until the money had been paid to the widow by the Insurance Company. As things had turned out, it would be best for both of them to leave Passy at once—that very evening—before her arrival was known by anybody, and to let Vimpany carry out the rest of the business. He was quite to be trusted—he would do everything that was wanted. "Already," he said, "the Office will have received from the doctor a notification of my death. Yesterday evening he wrote to everybody—to my brother—confound him!—and to the family solicitor. Every moment that I stay here increases the danger of my being seen and recognised—after the Office has been informed that I am dead."

"Where are we to go?"

"I have thought of that. There is a little quiet town in Belgium where no English people ever come at all. We will go there, then we will take another name; we will be buried to the outer world, and will live, for the rest of our lives, for ourselves alone. Do you agree?"

"I will do, Harry, whatever you think best."

"It will be for a time only. When all is ready, you will have to step to the front—the will in your hand to be proved—to receive what is due to you as the widow of Lord Harry Norland. You will go back to Belgium, after awhile, so as to disarm suspicion, to become once more the wife of William Linville."

Iris sighed heavily. Then she caught her husband's eyes gathering with doubt, and she smiled again.

"In everything, Harry," she said, "I am your servant. When shall we start?"

"Immediately. I have only to write a letter to the doctor. Where is your bag? Is this all? Let me go first to see that no one is about. Have you got the will? Oh! it is here—yes—in the bag. I will bring along the bag."

He ran downstairs, and came up quickly.

"The nurse has returned," he said. "She is in the spare room."

"What nurse?"

"The nurse who came after Fanny left. The man was better, but the doctor thought it wisest to have a nurse to the end," he explained hurriedly, and she suspected nothing till afterwards. "Come down quietly—go out by the back-door—she will not see you." So Iris obeyed. She went out of her own house like a thief, or like her own maid Fanny, had she known. She passed through the garden, and out of the garden into the road. There she waited for her husband.

Lord Harry sat down and wrote a letter.

"Dear Doctor," he said, "while you are arranging things outside an unexpected event has happened inside. Nothing happens but the unexpected. My wife has come back. It is the most unexpected event of any. Anything else might have happened. Most fortunately she has not seen the spare bedroom, and has no idea of its contents."

"At this point reassure yourself."

"My wife has gone."

"She found on the table your first print of the negative. The sight of this before she saw me threw her into some kind of swoon, from which, however, she recovered."

"I have explained things to a certain point. She understands that Lord Harry Norland is deceased. She does not understand that it was necessary to have a funeral; there is no necessity to tell her of that. I think she understands that she must not seem to have been here. Therefore she goes away immediately."

"The nurse has not seen her. No one has seen her."

"She understands, further, that as the widow, heir, and executrix of Lord Harry she will have to prove his will, and to receive the money due to him by the Insurance Company. She will do this out of love for her husband. I think that the persuasive powers of a certain person have never yet been estimated at their true value."

"Considering the vital importance of getting her out of the place before she can learn anything of the spare bedroom, and of getting me out of the place before any messenger can arrive from the London office, I think you will agree with me that I am right in leaving Passy—and Paris—with Lady Harry this very afternoon."

"You may write to William Linville, Poste Restante, Louvain, Belgium. I am sure I can trust you to destroy this letter."

"Louvain is a quiet, out-of-the-way place, where one can live quite separated from all old friends, and very cheaply."

"Considering the small amount of money that I have left, I rely upon you to exercise the greatest economy. I do not know how long it may be before just claims are paid up—

perhaps in two months—perhaps in six—but until things are settled there will be tightness."

"At the same time it will not be difficult, as soon as Lady Harry goes to London, to obtain some kind of advance from the family solicitor on the strength of the insurance due to her from her late husband."

"I am sorry, dear doctor, to leave you alone over the obsequies of this unfortunate gentleman. You will also have, I hear, a good deal of correspondence with his family. You may, possibly, have to see them in England. All this you will do, and do very well. Your bill for medical attendance you will do well to send in to the widow."

"One word more. Fanny Mere, the maid, has gone to London; but she has not seen Lady Harry. As soon as she hears that her mistress has left London she will be back to Passy. She may come at any moment. I think, if I were you, I would meet her at the garden-gate and send her on. It would be inconvenient if she were to arrive before the funeral."

"My dear doctor, I rely on your sense, your prudence, and your capability.—Yours very sincerely,

"YOUR ENGLISH FRIEND."

He read this letter very carefully. Nothing in it he thought the least dangerous, and yet something suggested danger. However, he left it; he was obliged to caution and warn the doctor, and he was obliged to get his wife away as quietly as possible.

This done, he packed up his things and hurried off to the station, and Passy saw him no more.

The next day the mortal remains of Lord Harry Norland were lowered into the grave.

(To be continued.)

The Secretary of State for India in Council gives notice that the competition for the Indian Civil Service in 1892 and subsequent years will be opened to all persons, otherwise qualified under the regulations, whose age is above twenty-one years and below twenty-three years on April 1 in the year in which the competition takes place.

The Duchess of Albany presented the prizes to some of the successful students at the anniversary meeting of the Birkbeck Institution, in which the late Duke took a great interest. The Earl of Northbrook, who presided, stated that, as the result of an interview with the Charity Commissioners, their debt was provided for, and an annual grant was promised of £1000, which would enable the governing body to reduce the fees.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was recently held at the headquarters in John-street, Adelphi, Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., in the chair. The sum of £600 was granted in aid of the local subscription in relief of the widows and orphans of three of the Portrush life-boat crew, who lost their lives on Nov. 1; and £5313 was made over to the 293 establishments on the coast. The Common Council of the City has also made a grant of 50 guineas in aid of the Portrush Fund. New life-boats have been sent to Huna (Scotland), Roker (Sunderland), Southend, and Torquay.—Thousands of people assembled round the inner harbour of Torquay on Nov. 15, to witness the launching of a new life-boat to replace one given, some time ago, by a Manchester lady. A guard of honour was formed by the coastguard, and the Vicar of the parish conducted a short dedicatory service. The donor—Mrs. O'Connell, also of Manchester—then christened the boat James and Eliza Woodall.

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ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXII.

Beaudesert.



THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

HIGH on a hillside in Staffordshire, on the eastward part of the wild region of Cannock Chase, there stands a great house of red and grey, which from the time of Henry VIII. has been the country-house of the Paget family. This is Beaudesert, seat of the Marquis of Anglesey.

Staffordshire, the fifth of English counties in population and the sixth in wealth, is not proportionately known. "The Potteries" are in it: this is all that most people know, or desire to know. Many have been to Hanley or to Stoke on business; and none would dream of going there on pleasure; and this, for the majority, is the beginning and end of Staffordshire. Yet, only this year, a pleasanter part of the great county narrowly escaped waking up to find itself famous. Cannock Chase—a hilly part of mid-Stafford (or of Stafford middle-by-south)—was next favourite to the site in south Sussex in the competition for a "new Wimbledon" for our Volunteers. There was much to be said for Cannock Chase, once a famous Mercian forest, with 25,000 acres of hunting land for the Kings who ruled their seventh part of England. A splendid and wholesome air blows over this part of Staffordshire. The soil is excellent for a camp, drying quickly after the heaviest rains. London is but three hours and a half away from the nearest towns, Rugeley and Lichfield; Scotland and the Midlands are at least six hours nearer to Cannock Chase than to the Sussex ground. Old warriors and new have made here their fortress and their home. Hard by the ancient encampment, British or Danish, on Castle Hill, stands the home of that Marquis of Anglesey who raised the gallant Staffordshire Regiment, and made a name and left a leg at Waterloo.

Beaudesert is in the parish of Longdon, which well deserves its name. They used to say of old—

The stoutest beggar that goes by the way
Cannot beg through Long in a summer's day.

It was formerly "much crowded with gentlemen's seats," says a quaint old history of the county, and was a manor of great extent, "above thirty other manors, lordships, and villages owing suit and service to the Court leet held there every three weeks." As you drive from the little town of Rugeley, which lies low down in the beautiful valley of the Trent, the road goes uphill for four miles before you reach the park and house. There are trees on both sides, and neat houses standing amid the little holdings of the colliers; and everywhere there blows a keen and pleasant wind.

Passing the lodge-gate—though the main entrance is not on this side—we find ourselves in one of the most beautiful of parks. There is hardly another in England, I should think, so full of hills and valleys, so varied with sharp ascent and

winding road, with scattered trees and closer woods. Everywhere there is game. The wild deer of Cannock Chase grow rarer year by year; but here before us is an enclosed deer-park, which is a great place for rabbit-shooting too. A thousand rabbits a day are killed here in the annual slaughterings. "For variety of shooting," says the great authority Baily, "Beaudesert has no equal in any part of the country, the wild nature of the district around furnishing cover for blackcock, grouse, pheasants, and every description of game; so that from Aug. 12 until the end of February there is ceaseless employment for gun and dog."

The Old Park is on the right, the New on the left, and to the left and before us is the range of hills midway in which stands the great house. Farther and higher is Castle Hill, on whose summit is the old encampment. Below us on the left lies a large kitchen-garden, with its walls of red brick; and past this we turn, to the left, up the steep winding road that takes us to the house. It is seldom that a building so old as Beaudesert is placed so high, when it is not a castle built mainly for defence; and this was Church property, and probably not militant. The ancient builders generally liked the comfort and the shelter of a valley; but the pious founder of Beaudesert, though he lived many centuries before hygiene and high art were invented, wisely chose a site which gave him a splendid air and an unequalled view, and yet was sheltered, by the higher hill behind, from the west—whence blow, in Cannock Chase, the roughest winds. The house stands out, in its lofty station, a large plain building, with a wide gravelled space before it. At each end a square wing advances, of red brick dull with age; all is of red brick, except the grey tower in the midst. There are three tiers of high plain windows; and, above the roof, a little round-topped watch-tower, tall chimneys, and two cupola-fashioned projections. Of other ornamentation there is but little; only the grey tower, with its recessed doorway and the columns at its sides, breaks the long line of red. But the northern wing is clothed with a heavy mantle of ivy; and this is the fittest decoration for a castle so old and solemn. There is, indeed, a something bleak about the house, as of the colder North country: and it suits not ill with the building's plain solemnity. Perhaps it is only that the house has not been lived in of late, save by an old retainer and a few maid-servants: perhaps there is that feeling of Hood's poem, "which said, as plain as words could say, the house is haunted." But, most unjustly, it is not. For an old and famous place, it is culpably devoid of legend and of history. Perhaps the Pagets, its owners, have been too good: it is certain that no stain of blood is shown upon its floors, there is no doorway through which an heiress was carried off; eight hundred years have furnished with no ghost its oldest corner. Even the west winds that howl above the Castle Rings, and lament the desolation of mansion and of camp, have no story to tell in their lamentation.

There are, at least, three pictures extant of the east front of Beaudesert, in three several stages in its history, including, of course, the present. The first is in a wonderful old book—the Natural History of Staffordshire, wherein the worthy Doctor Robert Plot gives us a leisurely account of all and sundry curious things and places to be met with in the county, together with his reflections on fairy rings, and stories of apparitions, and supernatural matters generally. In his day the grey tower was unthought of, and we see the plain brick building with a kind of courtyard in front of it, round which is a brick wall, with a lodge or gate-tower in the middle of the side opposite the house's front door. If this is less picturesque than the present house, there is yet something quaint about it; but the second view is neither quaint nor picturesque. This is an oil painting, probably of the eighteenth century, now to be seen at Beaudesert: in it the courtyard-wall has gone, but a lodge still stands a little way in front of the front door—blockading it, as it were—and the whole has something the effect of an ordinary large house by the roadside. In its present stage, loneliness at least has been achieved. The second picture still shows us the red brick; but the Goths of a century ago covered the house with roughcast—even as they did the magnificent red sandstone cathedral of Lichfield, five miles away, and as they whitewashed Shakespeare's bust at Stratford. I do not know how long Beaudesert wore its yellow mantle of repentance; but the colouring has long been scraped off, and we see the bricks as Elizabeth's Lord Paget left them.

If you want to know why that eighteenth-century lodge was banished to the beginning of the park, perhaps a mile away, you have only to turn your back to the house and look straight before you, at the delightful view that lodge and wall must have hidden. A little valley or cleft in the hillside dips down, filled with trees, at your feet; and the country beyond lies open for mile upon mile of vale and rising hill. The house looks east, across the Midland shires, past Burton and Derby; but I will say nothing yet of the magnificent view to be seen hence on a clear day, since there is one yet more magnificent near at hand.

This eastern front is not the most ancient part of the house. At the back there is a part which the old Bishops owned, eight centuries ago; but this dates from the days of Elizabeth as regards its red portions, and from the present century for the grey tower, and for the high windows which took the place of the old sash-windows when the first Marquis of Anglesey enlarged and partly rebuilt his dwelling-place.

Going up the steps of the porch, under its fan-ceiling, and into the Great Hall, we are still surrounded by his work and his father's. In this splendid room, as throughout most of Beaudesert, there is something martial, something which reminds us of the Paget who fought at Waterloo. There are pictures of soldiers on the walls—of the first Marquis, "the Field-Marshal," as he is commonly called at Beaudesert, and his great leader, the Duke of Wellington; the flags of the old Staffordshire Regiment hang between the stags' heads, over the wooden arches that cut off the east end of the room; with a later trophy—a drum brought by Lord George Paget from the Crimea, where his regiment was almost cut to pieces. The hall is very large—80 ft. by 21 ft.—and is crossed by what one may call a transept, the ends of which form deep recesses hung with portraits. The lofty roof is groined. In a gallery at the east end is an organ by Pyke, given to the Earl of Uxbridge by George III.; and opposite is the splendid

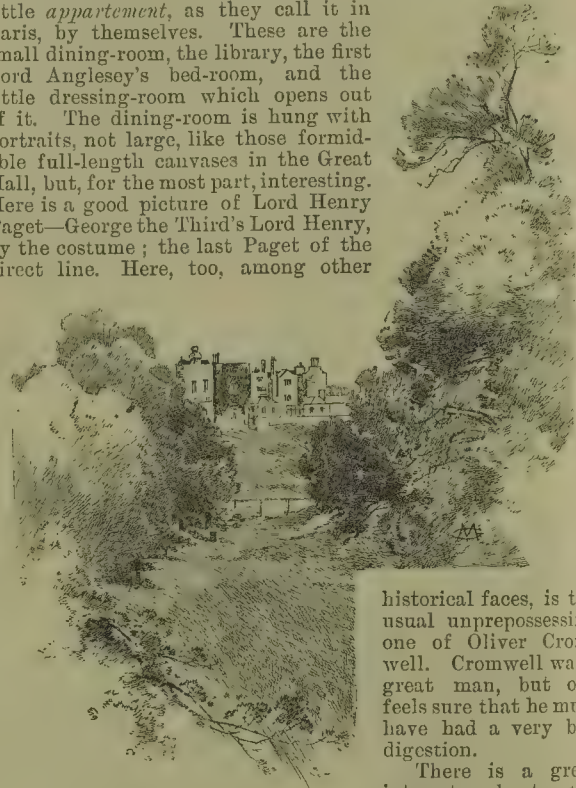
western window, in which are emblazoned the arms of William Lord Paget, and of his lady, Anne, the daughter of Henry, Preston. Through this window is a pretty view of the trees in the hilly park; and before it stands a great vase given to the first Marquis by the Emperor of Russia, when, by his request, the old soldier visited the banks of the Neva.

Nearly all the best pictures of Beaudesert have, very lately, been taken to Lord Anglesey's seat of Plas Newydd, in Wales, now his chief dwelling-place; but there are still several of a good deal of interest in this Great Hall. Except two stalwart Snyders—a bear-fight and a game-larder—they are all, I think, portraits. Here is, as I have said, the Field-Marshal, before he lost his leg at Waterloo—a handsome fellow, tall and soldierly, with the true Paget features. Here is the Great Duke—the quiet, neat little man with firm mouth and big nose. It is curious to notice, in a portrait of Lord Anglesey as an old man, that he had grown very like his leader. Here, too, is George IV., who grew to believe—as Thackeray was so fond of saying—that his own share in the battle of Waterloo was active and important. George III. and his Queen are both here, and a rather prim little Lord Chesterfield; and in this room is the first of the many portraits of the founder of the family, William, first Lord Paget, often the Ambassador of Henry VIII. and of Mary. Of him it was said, by Charles V., that he was "not only fit to represent Kings, but to be a King himself"; but the pictures at Beaudesert—several, I believe, only copies, of which the originals are at Plas Newydd—give one the impression of a face which, if, in the second place, sufficiently dignified, is certainly, in the first place, worried. This is especially to be noticed in what is perhaps the most characteristic of his portraits here—the one over the fireplace in the Long Gallery.

Leaving the Great Hall, we find ourselves at the foot of a staircase, and we see the portrait of another famous Waterloo face—I suppose the most famous of all after Napoleon and Wellington. This is Blücher, the stern old Prussian whose coming was the climax of that tremendous day—and whose name had, oddly enough, the same fate in England as that of the great English commander's—to be familiarly associated with boots. But, alas! "Wellingtons" and "Blüchers" alike are seen no more—nor does, probably, one in ten of the readers of to-day know what a "Blücher" was.

There is more of Waterloo on our left hand here; but it may be convenient first to go through the suite of rooms on the right, associated not directly with the battle, but with our hero of Beaudesert who fought there.

The house is much divided into small suites, and here we have four rooms which make a quiet little *appartement*, as they call it in Paris, by themselves. These are the small dining-room, the library, the first Lord Anglesey's bed-room, and the little dressing-room which opens out of it. The dining-room is hung with portraits, not large, like those formidable full-length canvases in the Great Hall, but, for the most part, interesting. Here is a good picture of Lord Henry Paget—George the Third's Lord Henry, by the costume; the last Paget of the direct line. Here, too, among other



SKETCH IN THE GROUNDS.

historical faces, is the usual unprepossessing one of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was a great man, but one feels sure that he must have had a very bad digestion.

There is a great interest about the quiet library and the bed-room into which it

opens. In these two rooms, on the ground floor and communicating by folding-doors, the Field-Marshal spent most of his life when he was at Beaudesert. The loss of his leg made stairs an impossibility to him, and there are many mementoes of the wound and its effects here in his little dwelling. It is a pleasant brown library, with books brown too, and ancient; and it opens into a conservatory, with the little garden and its formal geometrical beds beyond. By the fireplace is the old soldier's chair, ingeniously contrived for an invalid's comfort. A small table of black bog-oak is a present from Ireland, where he was a popular Lord Lieutenant. In the bedroom are little family pictures, and many paintings of his favourite horses. One shows Lord Anglesey, before he was Lord Anglesey, bestirring with long legs a shooting-pony, and clad in the costume now sacred to the postillions at a grand wedding—or have even they ceased to wear it? Another picture shows him in a curricule, much affected by the bucks of his day. There is a model, too, of the column erected to his memory at Plas Newydd—which, therefore, with its usual good fortune, possesses the original!

There are here memorials only of the wound that crippled the Field-Marshal; but he was one of three brothers whom one may call equally wounded—two by land and one by sea. The other soldier—Sir Edward Paget—lost an arm, and the Admiral an eye. A little water-colour drawing shows the house at Waterloo where Lord Anglesey's leg was taken off; and, in a frame hard by, is a sprig of a tree—a weeping willow—which grows over the spot where that leg was buried. The chair in which he sat while the operation was performed was long preserved by the owner of the house—no doubt he liked his wounded guest; everybody liked the kindly hero. "He was always ready with a kind act for those he could oblige," said the *Times* after his death, "and with a courteous denial for those who had asked from him that which it was not in his power to give."

It may be remembered that we turned to the right at the foot of a certain staircase: if we had turned to the left we should have come upon a large picture of the battle of Waterloo. The moment chosen is that of the last charge—and it needs not to be said that Lord Uxbridge (as he then was) and the Duke of Wellington are well to the fore—the one on the right, the other towards the left. The picture is no doubt as correct as a battle-scene can well be; but, like all others, it gives one only the impression of a great many men fighting.

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE
IN PRIVATE GARDENS.



SIDE VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

Why do not the artists paint us bird's-eye views of battles? Then we might really understand what was going on.

Going up the Waterloo Staircase, we come to the Yellow Drawing-Room—a fine apartment, square, or almost square, and hung with four great Dutch landscapes. A gilded chair and footstool that stand here were a present to the second Marquis from our Queen, at whose marriage he was the Lord Chamberlain. These are doubtless very fine; and, even if you do not care for gilded chairs, there is still a beautiful view to be seen from the windows of the park with its slopes and varied trees. So Nature and Art contend in the Yellow Drawing-Room; but Art has it all her own way in the Long Gallery, which follows. There is a row of little windows along its left side, to be sure; but it is the windows which one sees, and not the view from them. Yet it is a pleasant old gallery, of an unintentional kind of art; which is generally the best. With the books along the right-hand wall, and the little battle-pieces above them, and the old furniture and the old walls, the long room—97 ft. by 17 ft. it measures—has taken to itself two homely and quiet colours of dullish red and brown, and has a plain Dutch aspect which one likes. On the old oak chairs is tapestry, whereon is worked the Paget crest. The first Lord of the family looks down—with a troubled face, it must be owned—from over the chimney-piece; there is a somewhat ghastly presentment of the charms of the great Elizabeth; and Henry VIII.—in much more comfortable mood—and Mary are also here. But the chief pictures, as is nothing but right in the house of an old Field-Marshal, are a long row of paintings of the battles of Marlborough, which famous victories are depicted with as much variety as the subjects will permit.

A curious relic of a much older time is a wooden machine, with holes about large enough to admit the fingers, which was described to me with some diffidence as “a thumbscrew.” It was not exactly this, probably; but I have found in Dr. Plot's Staffordshire a description of certain “finger-stocks” which were used in older days as a form of mild punishment by the Lord of Misrule at Christmas: and finger-stocks of that period the machine in the Long Gallery probably is, even if Plot did not describe this very one.

Of the other rooms of the house there is not very much to be said. The Venice Room is a small panelled drawing-room. A bright and cheerful Boudoir leads into the garden; and there is a Picture Gallery, now something shorn of its glories to furnish the walls of Plas Newydd. Here, by the way, are still the interesting painting of the Beaudesert of a century ago, already spoken of, and another of the town house of the family, as it was, in Old Burlington-street.

In the Blue Passage hang crayon portraits of the family of the first Marquis, whose daughters must surely have been in their day the loveliest group of girls in England: even allowing for the courtliness of the artist, his sitters must all, without an exception, have been beautiful women. There is also in this Blue Passage a good deal of valuable and interesting china, had we but the time to linger over it.

When we go to the state bed-room in which George IV. slept—which is gay with a wild and whirling paper of the period, and enshrines a dignified state bed with its canopy—we are in the oldest part of the house. This was built, it is said, eight hundred years ago, before ever a Paget had set his foot in Beaudesert. Unfortunately, however, there are but few signs of this extreme old age; and, fortunately, none whatever of decrepitude.

Passing down the west staircase, by the stuffed animals which line its sides, we come to another interesting memorial of the Field-Marshal—a case which contains Lord Anglesey's uniforms, with the natural exception of the one he wore at Waterloo, which has taken itself off to Plas Newydd! If jealousy can reign in the stony bosoms of houses, Beaudesert must feel a stepmotherly hatred for its younger rival.

Glancing at the billiard-room, which is hung with pictures of favorite horses, we find that we have finished our survey of the rooms, unhistorical bedrooms excepted—and the magnificent kitchens also excepted. These are very well worth a visit: I do not know that they are not, to my mind, the most interesting part of the inside of Beaudesert.

Here, first of all, in a great grey chamber, is the immense fireplace, at which in older times they used to roast a whole baron of beef at Christmas, when Lord William Paget made good cheer among his retainers. Now, alas! it is much narrowed, on the paltry pretence that it burned too much coal. It is said, indeed, that certain people were allowed of old to work some of the coal in the park, on condition that they supplied the house with coal—and that this supply amounted to something like half a ton a day. Above the place where the baron used to hang and roast is an ancient smokejack, with its complicated arrangement of chains. The smoke of the great fire was made to turn the great joint by a mechanism of high ingenuity for its day; the inventor doubtless some mute inglorious Edison, too early born. Opposite the fireplace long rows of copper pots and vessels shine along the wall. At the end of the room a vast window lets in the light. This is one of the improvements of the Field-Marshal, before whose time the kitchen must have been a place of darkness on a winter day. The kitchens, rather; for half a dozen rooms are dedicated to cookery and the cognate arts. Besides the washhouses, brewhouse, bakehouse, there are here the kitchen proper, the pastry-room, the larders, the scullery, the steward's room, and the grey old servants' hall. The great larder with its wire-work cages reminds one of the Zoo; round its walls were kept the beef and mutton and such meager joints, while in an inner larder, walled with wirework, in the midst of the meat-larder, hung the game. This inner larder is divided into spaces, over each of which hangs a ticket with the name of the day of the week on which the hare or pheasant beneath was killed. Just over the entrance to the game-larder are some old man-traps—their disgraceful work over, one is glad to say, for ever.

A very ancient place is the scullery, well worthy of its lordly companion the kitchen. Beside its wall stands a vast dresser of white wood; in the servants' hall, close by, is a long table; and at Plas Newydd there are two more; and all this giant furniture is cut out of whole lengths of one magnificent ash-tree, grown here in the park.

With the steward's room, where the upper servants gathered, and the low, plain, not unpicturesque servants' hall, we may have done with the inside of Beaudesert. Step out of an old doorway, and you are looking at the oldest corner of the house. Four new rooms have been added, even here, within the last half-century or so; but, in the main, this block of plain red building dates from many centuries before the first Lord Paget. And there is something very satisfactory about its solid, plain old age, which has even its poetry, like a Dutch picture of boors eating herrings in an alehouse, though it is only a kitchen wall, and only looks it. May our works last as long and look as well!

Passing through a narrow gateway and turning sharp round to the left, we come to a lovely little bit of the grounds—a pond, or tiny lake, low-lying, with knolls rising round and trees reflected in its dark water. Alongside this we go to the back of the house, as varied and broken up with old and new, gable-end and square tower, high chimneys, red brick and grey stone, and great masses of dark ivy, as the front is plain

and austere; of one wing not a foot can be seen, it is so thickly clad with evergreens.

And evergreens hide the old-fashioned little garden, with its stone steps, close to the low conservatory which runs round this part of the house. You mount to a long terrace, which overlooks the trees, the house, the pond; and from its end you have a far view over the country spread out below you, towards Burton-on-Trent, fifteen miles away; almost all of which famous town is the property of the Marquis of Anglesey.

A little way down from this terrace—to the right, by the waterside—is perhaps the finest view you can have of Beaudesert, which stands high up above the water, almost as on a cliff, its oldest walls of grey stone in the midst, the red wing to the left overgrown with masses of ivy, and gables and tall chimneys rising over the trees upon the right. Above, the grey clouds move past, drifting before the wind; below, trees golden with autumn overhang the pond, and the slope of grass is dotted here and there with a dark evergreen.

Down out of the garden you pass through trees to a long crescent of white stone, which is the stables: these will hold about seventy horses, and were enlarged by the first Marquis. At the old stables, not far away, is now made the gas with which Beaudesert is lighted.

Up hill then, through the woods, with constant glimpses, to right and left, of the mansion sheltered by the westward slope, and of the lovely park, all made of high hills set close together and half hidden by their trees. As we pass out on to the level top of the hill, a rough west wind blows keenly against us; we cross a field, go by a little lodge: a few yards more, and we are on the highest land in Staffordshire, eight hundred feet above the sea-level.

We are on the famous Castle Hill, in Cannock Chase. Here are the Castle Rings, as they are called: the old encampment, a vast rampart and two ditches, something in the shape of a great theatre, two hundred and seventy paces in diameter. Standing on this rampart we look down upon the rough ground of the Chase. Hills rise all round, tree-sprinkled. The water known as Norton Pool lies below us; the pits, the tall chimneys of the collieries, are on our right, and on our left is a more silent country, where the deer range and the ground is thick with game. From this high point, on a clear day, it is said that thirteen counties may be seen, English and Welsh. Plot gives us nine of these—to wit, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, Cheshire, Montgomery, and Flint; I know not what are the other four.

One thinks of Fuller's words, as to the “most pleasant county of Staffordshire,” as he calls it: “Yea, this county hath much beauty in the very *Solitude* thereof; wit close



THE STABLES.

Beaudesert, or the Fair Wilderness, being the beautiful Barony of the Lord Paget:—

And if their Deserts have so rare devices,
Pray then, how pleasant are their Paradises?

On the night of the Jubilee of 1887, fifty fires on the hills around were to be seen from the Castle Rings. Then, as in the early days of Beaudesert and the Pagets,

Twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
And streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light.

The signal was actually passed by rocket from Malvern here, and from here to the Wrekin.

And here, as elsewhere in Beaudesert and such ancient places, we have the meeting of old and new: we have the ruins of the past amid the jubilant or weary present. By the high, windy cricket-field, on which the swarthy colliers come to play almost all the year round—above the pits, above the valley where lie the colliers' pleasant houses—the black stones of an ancient monastery, long laid low, mark out, as in a plan, its site. Here was the chancel, plainly; here on the height, where the warriors, encamped, had poured their arrows or great stones on whoever ventured up the steep hillside, the priests gave to all hardy wayfarers the sacred bread and wine.

It was a wilder country then on which they looked: the Cannock and Rugeley pits had not brought prosperity along with their black merchandise. Yet the canal coal (whence, some say, “cank” and “cannock”) has long been famous. Dr. Plot tells us how it is “so hard and capable of a fine polish like black marble that formerly it was cut or turned into various shapes and uses, as inkboxes, candlesticks, &c. . . . The old floor of the choir of Lichfield Cathedral was paved lozenge black and white with the Canal coal and alabaster.” A little of this “lozenge” pavement is still to be seen in the cathedral.

No coal-mine, I suppose, had ever such sudden and immense prosperity as this of Cannock and Rugeley; and the miners' little houses scattered down the valley give pleasant evidence that here, at all events, capital has not taken to itself all, and left labour nothing. Here, too, is an example of the magic virtues of the ownership of a “little bit of land”: there are countless small holdings, some of them of six or seven acres apiece, which the colliers till and turn to goodly profit, working early and late on the land which is their own. As everywhere among colliers, there are some who spend freely when wages are good, and starve between-whiles; but many are frugal, and thrive accordingly.

The history of Beaudesert and of its owners is simple to baldness. One family has held the estate ever since it came into lay hands; and of this family the founder was William Paget, son of one of the Sergeants at Mace of the City of London. Of him Fuller gives a biography, in his “Worthies of England,” not to be excelled for compactness and point. It runs thus:—

“William Paget, Knight, was born in this City [London] of honest Parents, who gave him pious and learned education, whereby he was enabled to work out his own advancement; Privy Counsellor to four successive Princes, which, though of different persuasions, agreed all in this, to make much of an able and trusty Minister of State.

“1. King Henry the Eighth made him his Secretary, and employed him Ambassador to Charles the Emperor and Francis King of France.

“2. King Edward the Sixth made him Chancellor of the Duchy, Comptroller of his Household, and created him Baron of Beaudesert.

“3. Queen Mary made him Keeper of her Privy Seal.

“4. Queen Elizabeth dispensed with his attendance at Court, in favour to his great age, and highly respected him.”

To this succinct statement I need hardly add more than the facts that in 1543 King Henry granted to William Paget the manors of Burton Branston, Bromley, Stretton, Horninglow, Wightmore, and Anslow, in the county of Stafford, and those of Winshall, Stapenhall, Caldwell, Overa Magna, Overa Parva, and Finden, in the county of Derby—most or all of which had been Church property—and in 1546 followed up this handsome present with another of the manors of Longdon (in which, as has been seen, is Beaudesert), Heywood, and Barkseswicke, “with their members and appurtenances, situated and lying in Whittington, Fisherwick, Pye, Homerwicke, Wall Norwhale, Strethay, and Brendwood, all in Staffordshire.” Beaudesert, at the time of this grant, belonged to the Bishop of Lichfield, one Richard Sampson, who accepted in its stead impropriations to the value of £183 a year.

The King also appointed Paget one of his executors, and left him a legacy of £300. Queen Mary granted him the manor of Alcester, in Warwick, and other lands in Warwick and Derby, with the reversion of the manor of Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. He had deserved well of the Queen, for, on the death of Edward VI., he joined the Earl of Arundel in proclaiming her in London, and, “accompanied with thirty horse, rode post with him that night to certify her of the glad tidings of her subjects' loyal intentions.” Yet Camden tells us that Queen Elizabeth “retained an affection and value for him, though he was a strict zealot of the Romish Church.” However, at her accession he retired, by his own wish, from the public service.

But his fortunate life had not been altogether unclouded. During the reign of Edward VI. he was a supporter of the Duke of Somerset, the Protector, and shared his fall. Through the enmity of the Duke of Northumberland, it is said, he was committed to the Tower, divested of the Garter, and fined £6000, by the Star Chamber, for selling the King's woods and lands, and taking great fines “to his peculiar profit and advantage, never turning any to my [the King's] use or commodity,” and for other offences. He pleaded guilty; but the fine was reduced to £4000, and then to £2000; and, not long after, he was set free with a general pardon.

Fuller seems to attribute his temporary disgrace entirely to the ill offices of Northumberland. He makes this mention only of it:—

“Indeed, Duke Dudley, in the days of King Edward, ignominiously took from him the Garter of the Order; quarrelling, that by his extraction he was not qualified for the same. But, if all be true which is reported of this Duke's Parentage, he of all men was most unfit to be active in such an employment. But no wonder if his Pride wrongfully snatched a Garter from a Subject, whose ambition endeavoured to deprive two Princes of a Crown. This was restored unto him by Queen Mary, and that with ceremony and all solemn accents of honour, as to a person ‘who by his prudence had merited much of the nation.’”

This is all that Fuller has to tell us of Lord Paget's life. Of his death he speaks thus: “He died very old, anno 1563; and his corps (as I remember) are buried in Lichfield, and not in the vault under the Church of Drayton in Middlesex, where the rest of that Family, I cannot say *lye* (as whose Coffins are erected), but are very compleatly *reposed* in a peculiar posture, which I meet not with elsewhere; the horror of a Vault being much abated with the lightness and sweetness thereof.”

But I think Fuller is wrong: Lord Paget was buried at Drayton, though his lady and his son Thomas placed a stately monument to his memory above the choir in the beautiful cathedral at Lichfield, where formerly stood the shrine of St. Chad.

Lloyd, in his “State Worthies,” gives a very interesting “character” of the first Lord Paget: “A general learning furnished him for travel, and travel seasoned that learning for employment; his masterpiece was an inward observation of other men, and an exact knowledge of himself; his address was with state, yet insinuating; his discourse free, but weighed; his apprehension, quick but staid; his ready and present mind keeping its pauses of thoughts and expressions even with the occasion and the emergency.”

His son Henry succeeded him, and in five years was succeeded by another son, Thomas, who in great part rebuilt the mansion at Beaudesert. In the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth's reign, however, being a zealous Catholic and suspected of an attachment to the cause of Mary Queen of Scots, he fled to France, and there remained till his death in 1589—“a sad and universal loss to the commonwealth of learning,” says Camden. He was attainted, with his brother Charles, and their possessions forfeited; but his son and heir, William, was restored to his lands and honours. Sir William Paget—for he was knighted by Elizabeth—was a fighting man, and “accompanied the Earl of Essex in his signal expedition of taking the town and island of Calés”; and his son, another William, raised a regiment which did good service on the Royalist side at Edgehill. Moreover, William Paget furnished King Charles at York with “thirty chevaliers, ready mounted and armed at all points cap-à-pie”; for which the sequestrators fined him £500.

William, sixth Baron, his successor, took the Whig side at the Revolution, and voted for the settling of the Crown on William and Mary. Like many of his line, he was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Stafford. He visited Constantinople as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Grand Signior, and after long negotiations concluded a peace. Then the Grand Turk gave him “a very rich vest, and a fine Turkish horse with furniture,” and he came home.

The seventh Lord was created Baron Burton of Burton, and afterwards Earl of Uxbridge; but on the death, in 1769, of his son, the second Earl, this earldom and barony became extinct. The barony of Paget, however, being a barony in fee, descended to one Henry Bayley, whose mother was a Paget; and he was summoned to Parliament in 1770 as the ninth Baron Paget. He was created Earl of Uxbridge in 1784, and died in 1812; his successor was his eldest son, the gallant soldier whom we know best as the Marquis of Anglesey.

Henry William Paget, whose long life extended from 1768 till 1854—from before the War of Independence till the Crimean War—has left the name best remembered at Beaudesert, if not best known to history, of all the Pagets. Even the first Lord, the founder of the family, although a man of higher intellect, does not make a figure so picturesque as that of the cavalry leader of Waterloo. The Field-Marshal, though not a clever man, had, especially in his old age, something of a dignity that even intellect alone cannot give. It was said at his death: “He belonged to a race of nobles who have passed away from amongst us; he was the last of the race, and we shall know them no more. He was a man pre-eminently fearless

and brave, but ever courteous and of high-bred manners." He was educated at Westminster and Oxford. When he was twenty-five he became a soldier, and raised among his father's tenants the regiment of which we have spoken—the 80th, or Staffordshire Volunteers. In 1794 he joined the Duke of York in Flanders, and was to be found in every fight throughout that campaign, winning a high name for bravery and resource, and proving himself a thorough soldier and a thorough disciplinarian. He was at the head of his regiment—and for a time at the head of the brigade—in the terrible retreat across the Meuse in the dead of winter.

Returning to England, he was given the command of the 7th Light Dragoons, and was sent with them to Ipswich. There he "laid the foundation of a system which effected an entire reform in cavalry practice," and made the English horse what they were in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

In 1799 he fought under the Duke of York in Holland, and won the highest honours as a daring and successful leader of cavalry. On Oct. 2 with one squadron he attacked seven, who had taken some British guns, and not only retook the guns, but captured five others, and, with very little loss, entirely routed the enemy.

In Spain, a few years later, he led the cavalry brigade in Sir John Moore's campaign, and won some brilliant victories. On Dec. 21, 1808, he defeated, with four hundred horse, French cavalry seven hundred horse strong, making more than a hundred and twenty prisoners in twenty minutes; and at Corunna he did wonders.

At Waterloo he was at the head of the united British, Hanoverian, and Belgian horse; and his share in that victory was a great one. It was believed that no cavalry could bear down the French cuirassiers, with the corsets of steel which gave them their name. Lord Uxbridge—as he now was—had twice led the Guards to the charge, shouting, "Now for the honour of the Household Troops!" Three heavy masses of French infantry advanced, supported by artillery and the cuirassiers: they

NEW BOOKS.

Mary Howitt: An Autobiography. Edited by her daughter, Margaret Howitt. Two vols. (W. Isbister.)—Contemporary literature, more intimately than politics or commercial or professional business, in which the rise and the disappearance of notable personalities are rather associated with party or class interests, is apt to present links of common predilection between the old and young still living together. As the favourite writers of our childhood, when we are in advanced life, have perhaps ceased to produce new books, and have either dropped into their quiet graves or somewhere sit waiting the inevitable summons, for which thoughtful old age, trained to contemplative and imaginative studies, ought to be well prepared, we cannot but feel that there is some loss of means of communion between our own minds and those of the new generation. This and future ages will have their own popular authors; it is possible also that a very few of the works by which our youth was delighted will sometimes be read to the end of the century or longer: but none of them can ever again touch the hearts of posterity with just the same effect. Infancy, boyhood, and girlhood may hereafter not be entirely unacquainted with the writings of William and Mary Howitt. We do not know any reason why her charming little nursery poems on birds and beasts and rural incidents, suggested by Bewick's woodcuts, should be superseded; and, though wide changes are taking place in "The Rural Life of England," and agricultural business is greatly altered since the date of "The Book of the Seasons," and modern farmers do not everywhere allow such reckless climbing of hedges and other trespassing as in the days of "The Boy's Country-Book," the descriptions of nature are still true, while many customs and some humours of rustic life—perhaps also of schoolboy life in general—have passed away. The country is no longer a free and open playground to all: it is only the privileged sportsman who may cross the fields in any direction. If a boy climbs the trees for a bird's nest, he is in peril of legal chastisement; if he prowls in a copse, or dabbles in a brook, somebody will tell him that he ought not to do so. These restrictions may be just and needful, and the owners and occupiers of landed property, in the present unhappy condition of the agricultural interest, claim due consideration; but, half a century ago, they would tolerate much greater liberties than any conscientious person would now think of taking. William Howitt, as a boy at Heanor in Derbyshire, and after his schooling at Ackworth, near Pontefract, the chief place of education in the North of England for young Quakers, and at Tamworth, and again in his apprenticeship at Mansfield, could enjoy more freedom in roving about the country, and rummaging up its natural treasures and delights, than is permitted to ordinary boys at the present day. Mary Botham, of Uttoxeter, though she was never a romp, with her sister Anna, both good and industrious Quaker girls, had a special advantage of this kind from the office held by their father, a land-surveyor, during nine years, in superintending the inclosure of Needwood Forest, where they often passed long and happy days, learning more of nature than any town-bred person can ever learn from books. Putting aside the special religious teachings of Quakerism, which do not seem ever to have taken a strong hold of either of these young minds, William and Mary, by the time of their marriage, in 1821, were abundantly qualified for their characteristic literary mission, the best part of which, in our judgment, was fulfilled by their writings of the next twenty years, during their life at Nottingham, and from 1836 in their residence at Clapton, at Esher, or at Highgate, though great literary industry, of different kinds, was continued by them for a quarter of a century later. Much of the latter work, the compiling of topographical and historical matter, in which labours William Howitt did a great deal, and the translations from the Swedish, Danish, and German, could have been done by other competent hands; but nobody else was likely to have written so well of country life in the Midlands as they had experienced it, of boyhood and girlhood in simple, homely, middle-class provincial society, and of the pleasures of a familiar acquaintance with the natural objects around them. These are the best elements also of their stories or works of fiction, which have scarcely retained their former popularity amid the crowd of voluminous novelists, though "Wood Leighton," "The Heir of West Wayland," and "The Cost of Caer Gwyn" prove Mrs. Howitt's capacity in that line. She rendered an important service to English readers by making them acquainted with the admirable works of Frederika Bremer and Hans Christian Andersen, which have had a distinct influence on much of our own literature. But the main interest of this pleasing autobiography is domestic, social, and personal, largely intermixed with descriptions of scenes in Germany, in the Tyrol, and in Rome, where Mr. and Mrs. Howitt resided for many years before their death. Heidelberg, which had earlier been their temporary abode for the sake of their children's education, and the neighbourhood of Meran, around their summer home of Mayr-am-Hof, at Dietsheim, and another Tyrolean house, called Marienruhe, built by Mrs. Howitt in her widowhood, are particularly described. Numerous engravings, mostly from sketches by her daughter, an artist of some talent, supply good views of all the places where the Howitts lived. After 1870, their winters were usually spent in Rome, where, in March 1879, William Howitt died; and Mary Howitt died there on Jan. 30, 1888, having nearly completed the eighty-ninth year of her age. The good old lady had been received into the Roman Catholic Church in May 1882, up to which date, as a born Quakeress, she was unbaptised, and in London was accustomed to attend a Unitarian chapel; but it is permissible to deem her a true Christian throughout all her pure and gentle life. Sentiment and imagination, rather than any profound theological study, led her to a fond reverence for the significant mystic rites and the asserted unity of Church authority in the Romish system; while the sturdy author of "The History of Priestcraft" remained a stout Protestant to his dying day. In compiling these memorials of her worthy parents, Miss Howitt has produced a very agreeable and interesting book, which preserves many reminiscences of the past, and faithful pictures of the life of our elders now resting in peace.

A Memoir of Edward Ashew Sothorn. By T. Edgar Pemberton. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The short but successful and brilliant career of "Lord Dundreary" on the stage is well remembered as a mirthful topic of conversation; and the clever actor who invented that ludicrous personification of elegant idiocy was a social favourite, perhaps worthy of this slight biographical memoir. Mr. Sothorn, who died in January 1881, at the age of fifty-five, was not one of the great comedians endowed with a wide range of sympathetic and imaginative faculty and mastery of all the various moods of human nature. But he possessed a keen insight, which he sedulously improved by observation, and by experiment as a practical joker, into the depths and mazes of intellectual confusion, the underlying stupidity and capacity of blundering, of which all men are secretly conscious beneath their self-complacent promptness in recognising what has been made precise and sure to the mind by practice, custom, or accurate study. Anybody can be

thrown into those depths if he will allow himself, in conversation, to be led off the ground of clear understanding, and to accept from his neighbour phrases to which he has not affixed for himself a precise and definite meaning. Indolent gossips are thus easily made to appear much greater fools than they really are; for it is quite possible that this colloquial weakness may be accompanied by shrewdness in silent deliberation and in action. The habit of unguarded talking is so often caused by a desire to seem affable, frank, and amiable, to keep up the reputation of "a good fellow" among those not worthy of intimate confidence, that Mr. Sothorn's exposure of its contemptible results was a decided benefit to society. In his professional career, which began in 1849, at St. Heliers, Jersey, and to which he devoted himself by choice, being the son of a thriving Liverpool merchant and shipowner, this notable actor of one or two highly original stage characters exercised the genuine faculty of the dramatic humourist, entering by sympathy, for the occasion, into a thorough identification of his own feeling with that of the person whom he conceived. In private life, though gay and convivial, he seems never to have lost self-control, but to have delighted in playfully surprising, bewildering, and mystifying others, from which experiences he no doubt gained a vast store of observations, afterwards used by him to illustrate the liability of mankind to blunder, and to be readily bamboozled. Mr. Pemberton has collected, besides the records of Sothorn's theatrical engagements and performances, and many of his letters and his sayings among his friends and companions, numerous anecdotes of his personal tastes and habits, with some instances of kindness, charity, and generosity which it is a pleasure to remember. The practical jokes, even at the expense of strangers, in which he sometimes indulged his love of fun, have been partly related in the memoirs of Toole and other recent publications. They are not consistent with ordinary notions of the behaviour of a gentleman; and we have known eminent members of Mr. Sothorn's profession, great comedians and true wits and humourists, who would never have played such tricks off the stage. But for Mr. Sothorn's peculiar undertaking, to show the way men are apt to make fools of themselves, it may be pleaded that he had a right to try various ways of making them look like fools. Meanwhile, so far as concerned the diligent and thoughtful study of his special branch of art, he took his own life very much in earnest, and probably wore out his robust constitution by strenuous hard work, his chief recreation being horsemanship and bold fox-hunting exploits, which fill a whole chapter of this entertaining volume.

Henry Richard, M.P.; a Biography. By Charles S. Miall. (Cassell and Co.)—The late M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, Secretary to the Peace Society from 1848 to 1884, was a public man of much worth and usefulness to England, and a faithful guardian of the peculiar interests of Wales. He was also the consistent advocate of religious equality before the law, and of the emancipation of all Churches from State patronage and control. The last-mentioned principles, which happen to have recently gained a fresh access of political importance from the strong claims of Welsh Nonconformists, were in the mind of Mr. Richard, as in that of his friend the late Mr. Edward Miall, based on much wider considerations. Mere politicians of a secular turn have never been able to understand the principles of "Independency"—a good old designation, for which "Congregationalism" is an insignificant substitute—or to perceive that in their absolute condemnation of State Establishments, or endowments of religion, zealous Christians have now won the powerful aid of democratic Liberalism, and their common victory is only a question of time and terms. It was fitting that the brother of Mr. Edward Miall, after writing, as he lately did, a very good account of the life and labours of that distinguished leader of the Anti-State-Church or Liberation Society, should undertake the biography, in a similar form, of one so largely associated with the same cause as Mr. Richard; and there is a parallel to be drawn between the contemporary careers of these two advanced champions of civil equity and religious freedom, which might easily be made apparent. Both were educated for the Independent ministry, which has in all ages supplied, more readily than any other ecclesiastical denomination, men of the type suited to engage in active Parliamentary debate, and in the open discussion of public affairs either on the platform or in the Press. Both were recognised, however unwillingly and grudgingly, by the aristocratic statesmen of their time, as the representatives of ideas which are cherished with earnest conviction in the minds of a great portion of the middle and working classes, and which cannot safely be ignored. Henry Richard, if he lacked the brilliant literary ability of Edward Miall, possessed other faculties scarcely less valuable to the conduct of an organised political movement, the success of which is to be measured, after so many years of constant effort, not by external events, but by the inward growth of sound public opinion. We do not fear to assert that the special continued effort of the Peace Society, during the past half-century, has actually produced a development of moral and intellectual force opposed to the practice of war, the indirect effects of which, in spite of the enormous military conflicts that have taken place in Europe, and in spite of the huge increase of modern armaments, can be denied by no future historian looking beneath the surface of affairs. Still greater is our confidence that, whenever the rule of the most powerful foreign nations becomes democratic in character—a change which may conceivably be effected under existing monarchical forms—the principles of the Peace Society, interposing regular processes of negotiation and arbitration between international disputes and war, must be generally adopted; while the constitution of every democratic State will probably hereafter require the previous formal assent of its Legislature to a declaration of war. It is a stupid and short-sighted traditional statesmanship that does not admit these methods of averting wars to be practicable with a more instructed public opinion in civilised countries; and it has been the business of the Peace Society to create such an opinion. How ably and diligently, through forty busy years, Mr. Richard worked for this noble purpose, is shown by the narrative presented in the volume before us; and the time may come to think his memory deserving, not only of the proposed statue in his Welsh birthplace, Tregaron, in Cardiganshire; but of one on the Thames Embankment—if not in Trafalgar-square, within sight of the Admiralty and the Horse Guards. But a prophet has as little honour in his own age as in his own country, saving that faith in true principles may be preserved till the growth of their influence overspreads the whole country in the ripeness of a future age.

Mr. J. Ball, F.R.S., has bequeathed his valuable botanical library and herbarium to Sir Joseph Hooker, to the director of the Botanical Gardens, Kew, and to the President of the Royal Society, with the request that they will bestow the collection on any person or public institution, either at home or abroad, with the sole object of promoting natural science. The authorities at Kew have, however, the first right to select from it any books or specimens they may require.



A PEEP AT THE FRONT.

drove in the Belgians, who left the Highland Brigade to receive their charge. The Earl galloped up to the second heavy brigade, and the three regiments were wheeled up in splendid style. A shout rose from the brigade as Lord Uxbridge rode down the line: he placed himself at their head, and led "the most rapid and destructive charge ever witnessed." They attacked a division of 9000 men: of these 3000 were soon prisoners, and the remainder killed, except a few hundreds who re-formed under cover of the cuirassiers. Again and again the same troops charged, under the same leader, and cut to pieces battalions of that *Vieille Garde* which "died but did not surrender"; and it was by almost the last shot of the day, when the main battle was over, that the Earl was wounded. His leg had to be amputated, at the house in the village of Waterloo whose picture we have seen at Beaudesert.

Five days after the battle Lord Uxbridge was created Marquis of Anglesey; but he refused the pension of £1200 a year to which his wound entitled him. There is no need to tell of the public honours with which he was received when he returned to England, and to his home at Beaudesert.

Like the Duke of Wellington, he continued to serve his country, but as a politician. He held office as Master-General of the Ordnance—with a seat in the Cabinet—and was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In Dublin he made himself universally loved. There are no people better fitted than the Irish to appreciate the simple courtesy of a soldier who is indeed a gentleman "of the old school," as we say—though we may hope that it is a school which will never be extinct.

He aided to procure Catholic Emancipation. It is noteworthy, too, that he was for the total repeal of the Corn Laws at a time when the Whig leaders thought a fixed duty a great concession. But his health was not strong, and in 1834 he resigned the Viceroyalty. He resumed his regular attendance at the House of Lords, though he seldom spoke there; he used to sit by the side of his old companion in arms, the Iron Duke. Like the Duke's, his was one of the familiar figures of London life. "He was ever before us," it was said, "in the parks, in the streets, in assemblies and parties, or stretching down Long Reach in the *Pearl* with his great mainsail set." Handsome, like all the Pagets, with an unequalled seat on horseback, the old Marquis must have made a splendid figure. "It was impossible," wrote an enthusiast, years after his death, "not to regard him as the beau ideal of a *sabreur*, and the first cavalry officer in the world."

EDWARD ROSE.

The Bishop of Durham has contributed £12,000 towards Church extension since his appointment to the diocese.

Alderman Benjamin Watson, the newly elected Mayor of Wakefield, has offered a site of eighteen acres close to the city on which to erect a palace for the Bishop of the diocese.

The Vestry of St. Giles, Camberwell, have agreed to contribute £6000 towards the purchase of Brockwell Park as a public park for South London, subject to Parliamentary powers being obtained for this purpose. It is reported that the park has been offered for the sum of £122,000, and that the following amounts have been promised: the Charity Commissioners, £25,000; the London County Council, £61,000; the Lambeth Vestry, £20,000; Newington Vestry, £5000; and private subscriptions, £2500. So that, with the contribution of the Camberwell Vestry, there remains only £2500 wanting to complete the purchase money and to secure for South London a most desirable open space and place of recreation.



BEAUDESERT, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.



VIEW FROM THE LAKE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF POMMERY AND GRENO, REIMS.



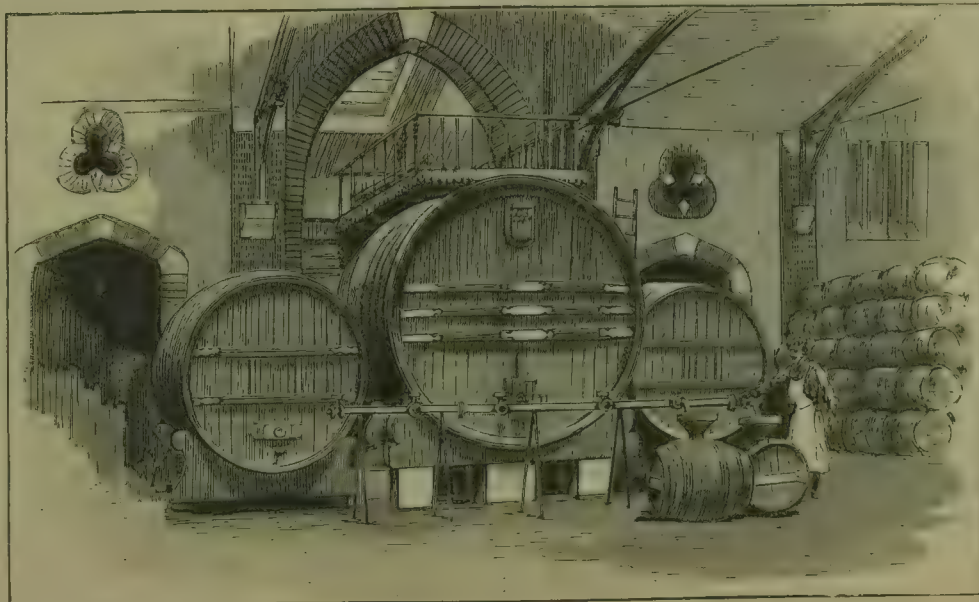
VISITORS GOING DOWN TO VIEW THE CAVES.

THE VINEYARDS OF CHAMPAGNE.

The wine of Champagne was known to be delicious in the latter ages of the Roman Empire in Gaul, when Valerian and the Consul Jovinus, after defeating the Alemanni, feasted together at Reims, an ancient city which is still the commercial capital of the Champagne wine district, and was the historic cradle of the Frankish monarchy, and the coronation-place of the Kings of France, down to the last Sovereign of the Legitimist dynasty. Reims, which derives its name from St. Remi (Remigius), a great Bishop of the Gallic Church in the fifth century, the converter of Clovis and the planter of vineyards—a practice followed by his episcopal successors—naturally attained high importance under the Merovingian and Carolingian reigns. In Mr. Henry Vizetelly's interesting "History of Champagne," from which we shall quote a good deal, the curious reader may find many amusing anecdotes of the ecclesiastical patronage of vine-growing and wine-making in the Middle Ages. Pope Urban II. had the wine of Ay sent to him at Rome, and that of Epernay is extolled in the poetry of the thirteenth century. During the next century, Reims became the chief place of the Champagne wine-trade, exporting largely to Hainault and Flanders, and to England from the seaport of Sluys. Its conquest by the English was speedily redeemed, when, in July 1429, the patriot heroine Joan of Arc, fresh from her victory at Orleans, saw Charles VII. chrismed and crowned in Reims Cathedral. Other vicissitudes of local fortune, and those shared by this province and city with all France, are related in Mr. Vizetelly's book. It is rather with the Champagne wine, or wines—for different kinds are mentioned in past times—that we are here concerned. Sparkling champagne is thought to have been first made towards the close of the seventeenth century, though a tendency to effervesce had been early noticed. The still wine of this district was



VISITORS COMING DOWN TO CELLARS, GUIDED BY CONDUCTOR.



THE "FOUDRES"—LARGE CASKS WHEREIN THE WINES ARE BLENDED.



THE "REMUEUR."

The "Remueur" is a man who turns the bottles slightly round every day to collect the deposit in the necks of the bottles against the corks. He turns as many as 50,000 bottles in one day.



THE "DISGORGER."

The "disgorger" is a man who breaks the first wire, and lets fly the first cork, followed by the deposit accumulated on the cork.

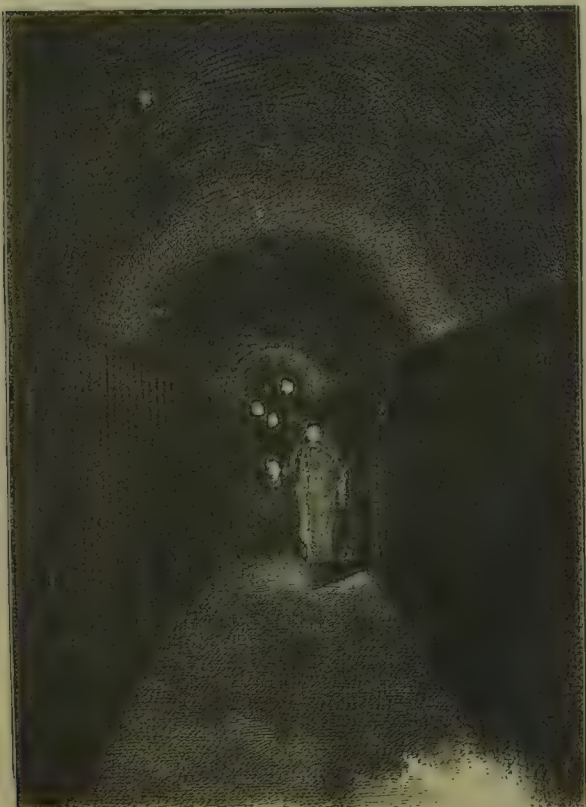


A "CHANTIER," OR GANG.

The man on the right fills the bottles after disgorging, the middle one corks them, and the one on the left puts the wire round the corks.



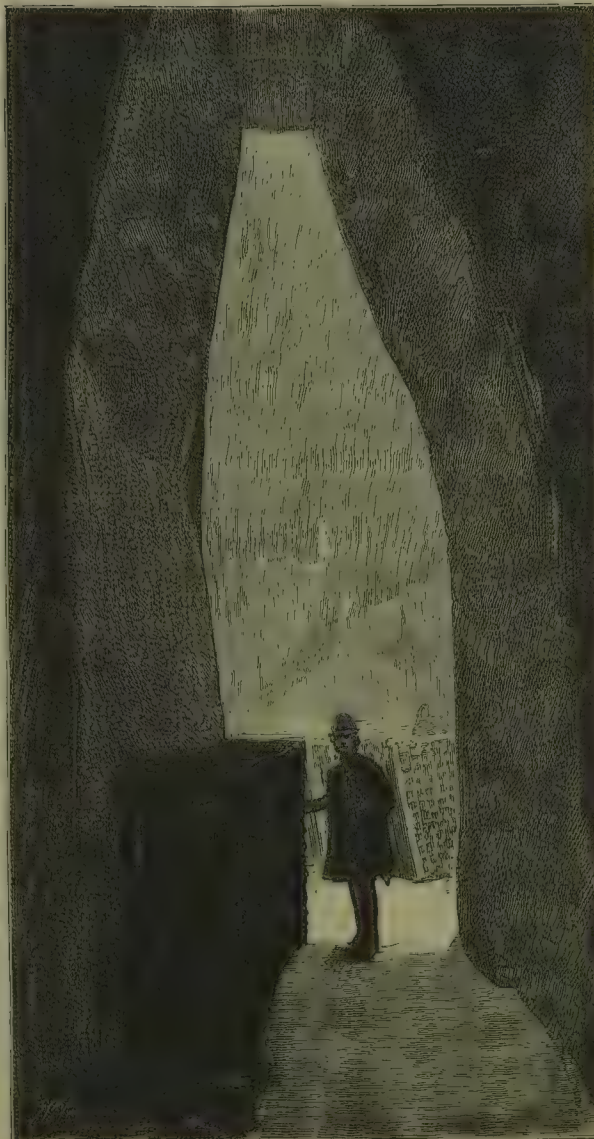
WASHING BOTTLES.



GRAND TUNNEL.
Champagne stacked on each side.



A MOVABLE CRANE.



A GALLERY, OR PASSAGE.



ONE OF THE ENDLESS CHAINS TO TAKE UP BASKETFULS OF BOTTLES AND TO BRING DOWN EMPTIES.



CUTTING WIRES THE REQUIRED LENGTH FOR FASTENING CORKS.

constantly drunk by Louis XIV. It was a "grey," almost white, wine, which had superseded the red wine in Champagne, for some fifty years past, and was preferred to all others by St. Evremont, writing in 1674 to his brother, the Comte d'Olonne. The Benedictine Abbey of Hautvilliers, on the Marne, owing to the skill of a worthy monk called Dom Perignon, boasts the invention of the art of producing fine sparkling white wine from the juice of black grapes. Mr. Vizetelly relates, in several entertaining chapters, the progress of its renown, with lively controversies between the partisans of Burgundy and those of Champagne. But we must hasten to describe the actual features of the vine-growing districts in the last-mentioned region.

These are to be distinguished, accord-



CRAYÈRE NO. 13: ONE OF THE CAVES.



LABELLING AND WRAPPING.



PACKING UP.

ing to geographical locality, as the vineyards of the river Marne, to which belong Cramant, Oger, Le Mesnil, Ay, Dizy, Mareuil, Avenay, Cumières, Hautvilliers, Epernay, &c., with those of Vertus and others to the south, on the Côte d'Avize; and the vineyards of the hills around the city of Reims, separated from the Marne by a wide tract of country, fields and woodlands. The latter, of which we take more particular notice, comprise those of St. Thierry, Marsilly, Hermonville, and others, to the north of Reims; and Sillery, Verzy, Verzenay, Mailly, Ludes, Chigny, and Rilly, to the south, with Bouzy and Ambonnay at some distance. The smallest of these vineyards, that of Sillery, has been one of the most celebrated for its "sec," or dry still wine, but little of this is now made, and the same kind of wine is produced from Verzenay and Mailly, chiefly for local consumption. Some vineyards are owned and cultivated by a few of the large firms in the wine trade, but many are in the hands of small peasant proprietors. It has been estimated that there are nearly 16,000 owners of vineyards in Champagne, where the extent of land so occupied is about 40,000 acres.

The soil best for vine-growing is chalk, with a mixture of silica and light clay, containing a proportion of oxide of iron, and with a substratum of stones and sand. The vineyard is on the lower slope of rising ground. The vine-plants, two or three years old, raised in nurseries, are planted in holes or trenches, pretty close together, sometimes as many as six in a square yard. It may be done from November to April. A little earth is put over the roots, with plenty of manure or compost; and the vines are pruned down to a couple of buds above

the ground. After two or three years, the operation of "proving," or layering, is performed, by burying two or more of the oldest shoots of each plant in trenches, six or eight inches deep, extending horizontally on each side: these are dressed with manure, strike new roots, and grow up as new vines, while all the young shoots above are cut down again to the second bud. This is repeated yearly till the mother-plant is five years old: it is then allowed to rest two years, after which the proving is resumed, to fill up vacant places. The "taille," or pruning of superfluous shoots, is done in February, after which there is the "bêcheage" or "hoyerie," digging round the roots so as to lay bare the old wood, which is then bent down and secured in its position underground. Stakes are then fixed to support the future growth of the vines, about three feet high, and this is a costly business where 24,000 stakes are needed for an acre of land. In May or June, after hoeing, the vines are fastened to the stakes, trimmed at the top, and must not grow above the regulation height of thirty to thirty-three inches. The ground is manured with a compost of animal and vegetable refuse mixed with loose friable volcanic soil called "cendre," which is dug from the hillsides; and there are two or three hoeings and weedings in the summer. To protect the vines from the white frosts in spring, some peasant vignerons place fan-shaped shields of branches; others make heaps of dead leaves, straw, and twigs, which are set on fire, to produce a smoke, whenever a frost is feared. The larger cultivators use a movable roof of straw matting, extended along wires upon iron stakes; and, later in the summer, this matting can be fixed vertically as a wall, to aid the ripening of the grapes on its sunny south side.

The vintage usually begins about the first week of October, differing a week or two in varying seasons and in different situations. People come from all the towns and villages fifty miles round, like our English hop-pickers; the day's wages are a franc and a half, with three meals, or perhaps twice the pay without food. Work begins at daylight. Baskets, full of grapes, are piled in the carts, or on the panniers of mules, and are carefully carried to the press-houses, where, after being weighed or measured, the grapes are stored in a cool shed, to be subjected to the "pressoir," which is a powerful machine, worked by a large fly-wheel with four men to turn it. The first application of the press gives the finest part of the juice, which makes the best wine; two or three squeezes are followed by the "rébêche," producing liquor of an inferior quality for "piquette," after stirring the mass of crushed grapes on the floor. The must descends through a wicker filter-basket into a reservoir, from which, after settling and depositing its lees during twenty-four hours, it is pumped into the casks, holding each some forty gallons. It begins to ferment in ten or twelve hours (it depends upon the temperature), and its colour then fades from a pale pink to a light straw-colour. It should remain undisturbed till about Christmas, but many casks are speedily sent to Reims, Epernay, Ay, and other towns engaged in the wine manufacture.

Champagne wine, though a gift of nature—that is, of the soil, climate, and species of vine—owes much of its prized qualities to the skill of modern manufacturers. The "brut," or raw wine, of this province, having lost a good deal of its natural saccharine through its first fermentation, tastes hard, bitter. After the first fermentation, which lasts from a fortnight to a month, according to weather, the casks are filled up, tightly stopped to exclude the air, to prevent the wine absorbing oxygen. Racking and fining are followed by the critical operation of making the "cuvée"—i.e. of blending several different "crus" (neighbourhoods) to combine in the desired proportions their characteristic qualities of vinosity, flavour, and bouquet. They are mingled in huge vats in which the mixture is stirred by a fan-shaped apparatus, worked by handles outside. Usually, four fifths of the wine, of a pale pink hue, is from the juice of black grapes, and is tempered with a fifth part from white grapes; the former giving vinous body, with softness and "roundness," the latter giving lightness, delicacy, and effervescence; and this combination is both scientific and artistic. The precise amount of saccharine in the blended wine is ascertained by the glucometer. Sometimes further treatment is required, as fining with isinglass, or the addition of some liquid tannin derived from nutgalls, catechu, or grape husks and pips, till the wine, after another month, is perfectly clear and limpid, and ready to be bottled. In the "salle du tirage," where it stands in vats or tuns, it flows through pipes to the syphon-taps, at which the bottles are quickly filled, and these are instantly corked and wired. The bottles, necessarily of great strength, and of a peculiar form, with sides of uniform thickness, and smooth in the interior, are such as are best adapted to prevent an explosion of the gas, which exerts a great internal pressure. They are chiefly supplied by the factories of Reims, Fournies, Anor, Trélan, Loivre, and Vauxrot. The breakages from bursting during manipulation of the wine average 5 per cent per annum. When filled with wine and washed, they are placed in baskets neck downwards, to drain, and are afterwards stored in a horizontal position, laid in stacks to the height of a man. They remain there from two to five years, or more, according to the taste of the markets for which they are destined.

Sweet champagnes must be shipped young, or else they become clammy. Dry champagnes should be shipped older, or else they will be hard. At the end of two or three years the wines are disgorged. The bottles are transferred from the horizontal stacks to inclined boards, with holes to fix them neck downwards, and the sediment sticking to the lower side, a man nimbly shakes each bottle every day and turns it round. The sediment slides down in a fortnight or so, when it gets to the cork. When it is there the bottles are handed in baskets, cork downwards, to the disgorgers, who break the first wires, and the first corks fly, followed by the deposit. It is done so nimbly that little wine is lost: what may be lost is invariably replaced by filling the bottle with wine of identical age and quality kept in reserve for the purpose. When the wine is shipped "brut," the bottles are handed to the last corker. When it is to be "liqueured" it is handed to the "opérateur." The liqueur is simply still champagne wine of the choicest, in which is melted cane-sugar. To prevent its fermenting, a little raw spirit of cognac is added. In the dry champagne consumed in Great Britain, that addition of spirit represents the tenth of a drop in each bottle. The "opérateur" is surrounded by the corkers and the wire and string men. When the wine is thus finished, the bottles are replaced on horizontal stacks, where they remain for at least a few weeks to insure their limpidity.

The establishments of the Reims wine-shippers occupy some of the most important buildings in that old city, and their cellars, excavated in the chalk beneath, extend far in every direction, an endless labyrinth of vaulted corridors and galleries, often in two storeys, filled with square piles of full bottles, or, here and there, with casks of wine reserved for bottling. Of these great establishments the most striking is that of Messrs. Pommery and Greno (now Veuve Pommery, Fils et Cie.), the illustrations of whose buildings and cellars appear herewith, situated in the outskirts of the city. Its lofty castellated tower is visible from afar. It is entered by a Gothic portico,

leading into a vast hall, 180 ft. long and 90 ft. wide, the roof supported by iron girders without pillars. Rows upon rows of casks of old Champagne vintages are piled on all sides: to the left hand are two immense tuns ("foudres") with a capacity of 5500 gallons, around which is a platform reached by a staircase, for the working of the handles of the wine-making apparatus. Steam-lifts, each of which can raise eight casks at once, communicate with the cellars beneath. Access to these cellars is down a flight of 116 steps, 12 ft. wide, the top of which is beyond the ornamental iron door at the end of the hall. The cellars are formed by 130 large shafts, which are 90 ft. deep and 60 ft. square at the bottom, connected by galleries so extensive that one may walk through those underground passages for seven miles without going twice over any part. They contain, at present, a million dozen—twelve million bottles—of wine, a stock being always kept equal to five years' average supply. These cellars are visited by about three thousand people in the course of the year, two men being regularly employed in showing them. There are some five hundred workpeople in all there, and the establishment is fitted up with the electric light and with private telephones, communicating with the houses and offices in the town. The members of the firm are individually large proprietors of vineyards, principally at Verzenay, Ay, and Bouzy, the finest wine-growing districts.

We understand that Messrs. Pommery and Greno, whose stock of fine champagne is believed to be the largest in the world, and commands the highest price in the market, have purchased this year an immense number of hogsheads, being one sixth of the entire vintage of 1889, which is of excellent quality in every way, but proved small in quantity. The prices paid for this vintage being the highest ever known, the purchase has cost that great firm the large sum of over £600,000—a transaction of magnitude never equalled in the trade by any firm or company.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W R RAILLIE.—Your difficulties certainly do not arise from want of critical acumen. The first is caused, as you suggest, by a typographical slip, and the second you must correctly answer. The extra Black Bishop is a necessity, and justifiably employed.

J N (Liverpool).—The "abominable careless ness" belongs in this case to the critic, who rushes to his post-card instead of his chess-board.

W BIDDLE.—Your opinion is flattering, and your compliments to No. 2370 deserved.

T T S (Spalding).—Parkins and Gatto, or any fancy stationers, ought to supply your wants.

F BENNETT (Rockhampton, Queensland).—The Chess Monthly is published by J. Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. We shall report on your problems next week.

J SERJEANT (Barton, Latimer).—Your three-mover shall be further considered. The other is too lacking an idea.

G SAINT (Rushdon).—We think the game is drawn, subject to further analysis. We do not understand you want our decision for the purposes of the match.

C BURNETT (Biggleswade).—In No. 2375, if Black play 1. P to R 5th, the answer continues 2. Q to Q 4th (ch), K moves; 3. Kt to Kt 4th (dis ch), and mate.

BERNARD REYNOLDS.—The anomaly is perfectly legitimate, and in this case justifiably. "The Chess Problem," published by Cassell, is perhaps the best on the subject.

MAX MEYER.—Shall be reported upon next week.

E E H.—K takes B does not solve No. 2370, being answered by R to Kt 4th. The second Black Bishop on Q sq is wanted, because nothing can take its place.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2376 received from Charles Etherington, Albion (Oldham), Joseph T Pullen; of No. 2377 from H S B (Ben Rhydding), E G Boys, Joseph T Pullen, and D M; of No. 2378 from Emil Frau, A Dees, John G Grant, Max J Meyer, E Bregon junior (Cardiff), B D Knox (Reading), Treffina, Albion, S Rover, W H Hayton, Joseph T Pullen, Edward Bygott, and J P S R.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2379 received from Thomas Chown, J T W, Dr F St, W J Haslam, Mrs W J Baird, Monty, R Worters (Canterbury), E E H, J E Herbert (Aslford), Dawn, Jupiter Junior, J Good, Howard A, W Biddle, Julia Short, N Harris, Bernard Reynolds, W Wright, Martin F, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Mrs Kelly, Carlisle W Wood, T Roberts, A Newman, W R Raillie, R H Brooks, Walter Hooper, Shadforth, Columbus, D McCoy (Galway), A Dees, J Dixon, T G (Ware), E Bregon junior, E Louden, R F N Banks, M (Aberdeen), A W Hamilton (Gell) (Exeter), Emil Frau, Rileman, F Fisher, W Armitage, L Sewell, F G R, and Geo Mansfield.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2377.—By BERNARD REYNOLDS.

WHITE.
1. Q to K B sq
2. Q to Q B 4th (ch)
3. Q or B mates.

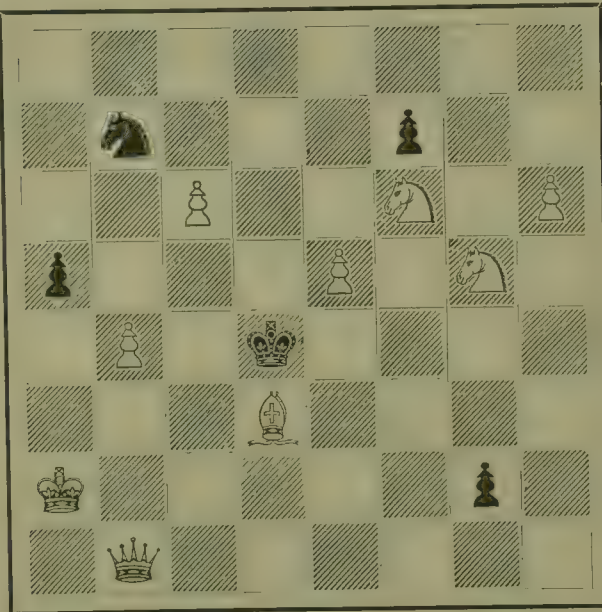
BLACK.
K takes Kt
Any move.

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to B 6th (ch); if 1. P to Q 6th, then 2. Q to B 4th (ch); if 1. K to K 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2381.

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Chess Skirmishes. By I. O. H. Taylor. (Norwich: Agas H. Goose, Rampant Horse-street.)—This is a collection of games by the well-known compiler of "Chess Brilliant" who, although modestly claiming to be nothing more than a provincial amateur, has at least gained some celebrity in chess authorship, and in actual play is no mean antagonist of even the greatest masters. Unlike his former work, most of the contests printed here are Mr. Taylor's own little "bits of Morphy," and in many instances made their first appearance in this column. In addition to the games, he has included a selection of his miscellaneous papers on chess subjects, all of which are interesting, and well worth reprinting. Mr. Taylor is a keen observer, for evidence of which we refer our readers to his obituary notices of deceased masters, and the acuteness of his criticism is no less clearly shown by the chapter on "Oversights." Altogether, the book is a pleasant companion for a winter's evening with the chess-board.

In the Junior Metropolitan Chess Club competition the Amethyst Club have scored a further success by beating the Lewisham Club at Oliphant's, Ludgate-circus, on Nov. 1, by 5½ games to 2½.

We are requested to state that our esteemed correspondent Mr. F. N. Braund would have entered the various contests of the British Chess Association now being decided but for the pressure of business engagements.

The tournament of 110 members of the City of London Chess Club is increasing in interest, and it is now evident that there will be a close contest in all the twelve sections. Among the first-class players, Mr. Lomax has won 3½ games; the Rev. Mr. Sugdon and Mr. Owen Jones, 3 each; Mr. Morlan, 2½; Dr. Smith, Mr. Eckenstein, and Mr. Vyse, 2 each; Mr. Hooke, Mr. Mocatta, Mr. Serrallier, Mr. Woon, and Mr. Fazán, 1½ each; while Mr. Ross, Mr. Chappell, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Knight are close behind them. Among the second-class players the leaders are Dr. Coupland, Mr. Evans, Mr. Hamburger, Mr. Stiebel, and Mr. Gibbons, who have won 3 games each.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

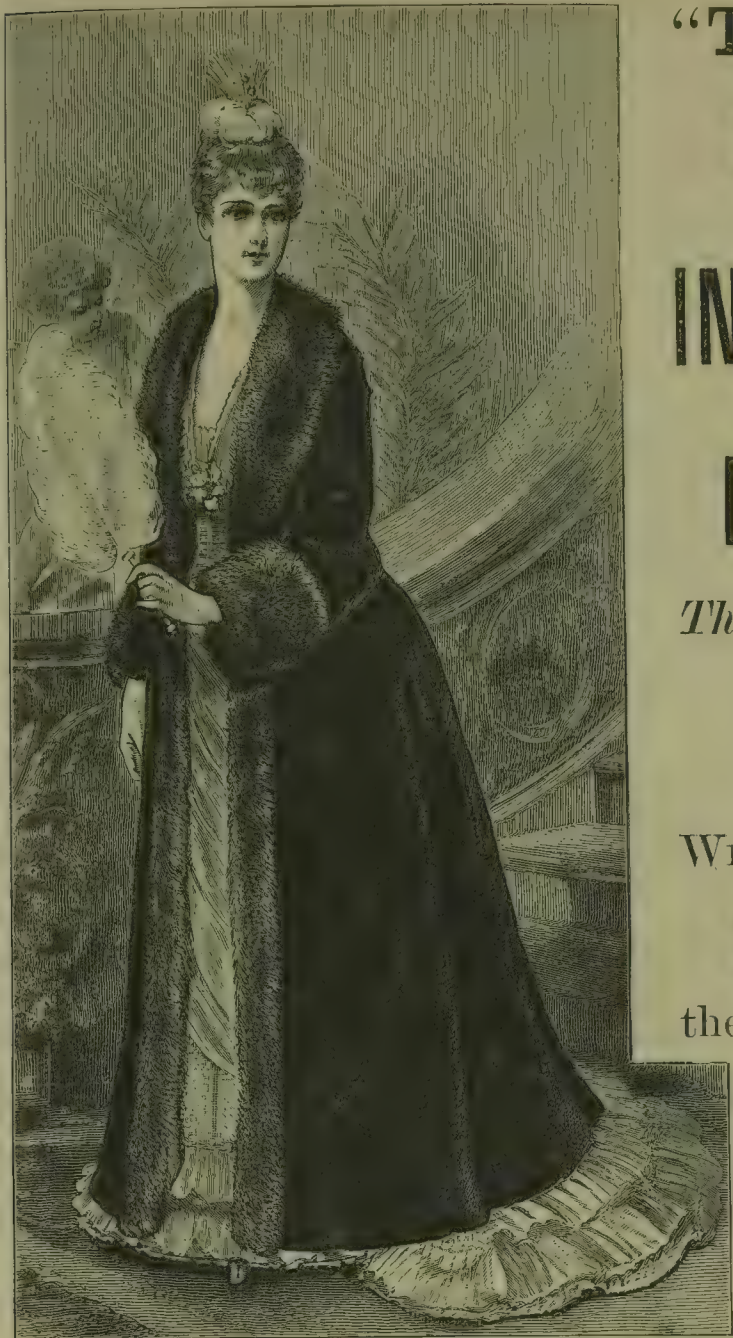
ART AND NATURE.

The other day, in the course of my walks abroad, I saw a set of schoolboys flattening their noses against the panes of a picture-dealer's window. The shop was a very commonplace one, it must be confessed, for the art-dealer's stock consisted, for the most part, of a series of cheap chromos and equally meretricious engravings. But that which was attracting the juvenile eyes was a picture of Mount Vesuvius in full eruption. Naples and its bay were duly depicted. From the crater of the mountain belched forth fire and smoke. Molten lava, from which flames issued, rolled in torrents down the mountain-slopes. Lightnings cleft the clouds, and a lurid light shot athwart the darkened sky beyond and behind the volcano itself. Little wonder, perhaps, that my school-boy friends stood entranced before this vivid representation of a volcanic outburst. Their expressions of horror were highly realistic, and they departed from the printseller's window duly impressed with the terrible nature of at least one phase of the great cosmical drama which somewhere or other is being played out around us on the crust of the globe. Unfortunately, in the present case, art was but a blind guide. Matthew Arnold somewhere says that the poet is only great when he is true to nature; which, I take it, is a very fair and common-sense way of criticising the poet's work. Of the artist, the same remark must necessarily hold good. He, too, is a poet, and he, too, is alone great when he succeeds in impressing us with the close agreement of his study with the nature whereof it is the tacit representation.

Now, judged by this standard, the picture of Vesuvius was decidedly a work of utterly inferior type. I do not mean that its lithography was bad, or its colours glaring. Doubtless it was a poor thing at the best, judged by the canons of representative art-work; but it was worse still, for it was not "true to nature." In a volcanic eruption, there are no flames and no smoke. There is often a black cloud truly, but this is composed of particles of dust and not of smoke-carbon. The fiery tongues of the picture in the window are non-existent in reality. There is a heat-glow in a volcanic eruption, which is due to the reflection of the heated matters carried upwards into the air by the steam-vapours; but of actual flame no trace exists. Lightning flashes may now and then occur, because, as Professor Judd remarks, the rush of steam from the crater generates electricity, which seeks relief in the usual fashion; and as for the lava, it may be, and is, molten, but it does not emit flame as was depicted in the picture of the shop-window. The whole picture was an imaginary sketch. The artist probably had never seen an eruption: if he had he must, in any case, have distorted his conceptions very considerably in the process of reproducing them in his picture. Eruptions and outbreaks of volcanic nature are often terrible things, as everybody knows; but if they at all resembled the picture that entranced the schoolboy-mind, they might very justly be designated much worse calamities than they really are.

If one turns to poetry itself as another form of art, we find man merely expressing his thoughts in a pleasant way. As a scientist, I may be thought guilty of underestimating the poetic gift and practice; but I hold that the essence of the poet's work is to convey his ideas and thoughts in a manner which shall impress and please the mind. It is so with song, as distinguished from ordinary speech. Thoughts are clearly not the monopoly of either poet or singer. Each draws his material from the store of knowledge and experience common to his non-poetic fellows and himself. If I express a thought in prose, it can be "understood of the people" because it is (or should be) a plain account of what is, or what may be. The poet has no advantage over the prose-writer in clearness of expression—presuming, that is, that the latter is able to write prose fairly well. All the poet can do is to put the same thought into a pretty form; to draw close metaphors and apt similes; and thereby, it is supposed, to excite in us the same admiration for beauty of diction which we experience when on a canvas we see reproduced the fairness of sky or sea, or when in a song or symphony we hear the charms of melody. To call dewdrops "the tears of the flowers" is a very pretty fashion—our American friends would call it "elegant"—of suggesting the mere presence of a familiar phenomenon. To call dew the "liquid diamonds of the morn," or to term a tear in its turn "the dewdrop of sorrow or joy," is only a mode of expression which derives whatever force it possesses from its apt comparison of two distinct and disconnected things. Poetry, in a word, is a pleasant, pretty, and enchanting way of saying things which impresses the mind with a new sense of the likenesses or differences between objects, thoughts, ideas, and conditions of life and matter. Whatever the poet may claim for his art, he cannot, I imagine, traverse this plain statement, which, I must add, is not meant or intended to be uncomplimentary, but quite the reverse.

I will go further, however, and avow that there never was any great truth or good lesson ever taught by a poet which could not have been as well and forcibly expressed in good honest prose. This also may be deemed rank heresy on my part; but it is a bit of unorthodoxy which is at least worth the consideration of people who are inclined to place the poet far above his brother of prose in respect of the nobility of his mission. Poetry is only a mannerism of speech and thought—pretty and graceful, as I frankly admit, but that is all. When science has been accused of condemning and flouting poets and poetry, it is only when she has found out the rhymers making the facts first, and then tuning the lyre to suit this forced composition. Science and poetry alike are worthy of respect when they conform to Matthew Arnold's definition of greatness; but while such truth is the vital essence of all science, it does not seem that poetry is so dependent for success on a strict regard for facts. Do I not remember Montgomery's description of the "Nautilus," which "puts out a tier of oars on either side," and "hoists to the wind a two-fold sail"? And what are we to say to this fine frenzy when we learn that the Paper Sailor (which is a cuttlefish) does nothing of the kind? Pope also tells us to learn of this same animal to navigate the seas. By means of its webbed arms it is supposed by Pope to "catch the driving gale": but this is not fact at all. One could parallel these instances of false teaching in poetry by the dozen; but I must draw rein. It is satisfactory to find that all our poets do not deal with mythical natural history or write sonnets to the impossible in animals and plants. There are many examples, fortunately for the poetic credit, of a strict adhesion to the Arnoldian precept, which above all things else tells the poet to be true to nature. In Tennyson, to go no further afield than our own day, read the description (in his "Two Voices") of the birth of the dragonfly. That is true poetry if you will. Or read what he says in his "In Memoriam" of the fleeting changes which beset even the apparently solid and eternal hills. This is true science, prettily and effectively told. The end of the matter is that all art must be true to nature and to life (which is the same thing) if it is to live worthily among us. The false poet is like the man who drew the picture of Vesuvius—he is a delusion, and his work is only a snare. ANDREW WILSON.



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ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE ST. JAMES'S GALLERY.

The exhibition of works in black and white brought together at this gallery (King-street, St. James's) has at least the merit of variety. There is something of every sort—both in subject and treatment—and it is not surprising that even pastel work has invaded the already widespread boundaries of black-and-white work. There is, however, no reason to regret this intrusion, for Mr. Nelson Drummond's "Morning Mist" (19) off the coast of Jersey is one of the most delicate and successful bits of landscape in the room. This and the artist's almost equally clever "The Grey Dawn is Breaking" (201) show how far a sense of atmosphere can be conveyed through the medium of pastels. With these, too, should be compared Miss Jane R. Thomas's "View of the Thames from Petersham" (213), in which the grey mist clinging round the rich foliage which overhangs the winding river is rendered with admirable truth. This somewhat "pensive" study, as it would have been described in former days, shows both refinement and feeling, and marks a distinct advance in the artist's work. Miss Marion Logsdail is another lady who in "black and white" has found a fitting medium for her more vigorous impressions of English life. The view up the street at Lincoln on the day of the annual "Horse Fair" (191) is her most ambitious but not her most successful achievement, for her study of the "Jew's House at Lincoln" (83) is marked by greater breadth and strength of treatment. Mr. Frank L. Emmanuel has also found a congenial subject in the "Return of the Sardine-Boats" (50); but the strong contrast of the black sails against the white sea-fog is rather trying, and in the end become fatiguing to the eye. Mr. Archibald Webb attempts a great deal more than the limitations of black and white will justify in his "Stormy Day on a Dutch Canal" (145), for however grey the sky in Holland may be, there are always in the buildings or the landscape or in the costume of the people bright patches of colour which deserve to be noted—in fact, it is these details which make Dutch pictures so attractive. Mr. J. C. Dollman, although he has managed to select a subject in which colour plays a subordinate part, loses half the credit his picture would otherwise bring him: the subject, "Don't Care was Hanged" (39), has often before been illustrated by the fate of the venturesome rook who became a warning and a scarecrow to his old associates—but Mr. Dollman's is fresh and humorous. Among the figure pictures, on the contrary, the least successful are those in which the artists have "played fast and loose" with the recognised terms "black and white," and those portraits in which colour, even in a modified degree, enters do not, we think, deserve a place in the present exhibition. Miss Jane Dealy's "West Indian Fruit-seller" (55), seated on her basket, and Mr. Roland Holyoake's "Alfred Jingle" (116) show what results can be obtained by adherence to stricter lines. We do not, however, admit by this that Mr. Jingle's costume is irreproachable—at all events, there is nothing in the text of "Pickwick" to sanction many details of his wardrobe. Mr. James Hayllar still paints in sepia with a finish few of our living artists care to emulate, his "Nancy" (199) and "Edith" (168) deserving a place among his most successful works. Miss Lucy G. Jackson's portrait of a girl's upturned face (234) is drawn with considerable firmness, and the illumination of the face is more successful than in her "Firelight Study" (202); but both faces have a touch of reality, which suggests the probability of their being excellent likenesses. Mr. Gordon

Brown's free and easy style is well seen in the "Sharpshooters" (199), a couple of riflemen on the outskirts of a copse intent upon the hazardous work they have on hand. Among the sporting pictures Mr. S. Turner's "Scenes with the Cheshire" (185) are worthy of notice; and of Mr. Douglas Almond's "Fallen Greatness" (198), Mr. Demain Hammond's "Flouted" (220), Mr. George Worter's "Auld Lang Syne" (211), and Mr. Biscombe Gardiner's view "On the Dart" (190) are quite up to the level of the work which the manager of this gallery has maintained during the past seven years.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES.

Messrs. Agnew and Sons (39, Old Bond-street) have provided a treat for old and young, for lovers of history as well as for lovers of pictures, by an exhibition of drawings illustrative of the surroundings, local and personal, of the career of Mary Queen of Scots. In a way, this collection is a supplement to the Stuart Exhibition of last winter, and may be looked upon as a sort of contemporary aspect of an historical romance. The figures of that eventful period—the unfortunate Queen, the reckless Darnley, the Regent Moray, the four Marys, and others—are brought before us by Sir James Linton, who has bestowed upon each the full powers of his brush and lore. The scenes amid which Mary passed a few happy and so many sad years—from the days when as a careless child she delighted her companions and plagued her tutors at the Priory of Inchmahone to the closing tragedy of Fotheringhay—are illustrated by Mr. James Orrock with a freshness and appreciation of Scotch and English scenery worthy of his reputation. It is only fair to add that the characters and scenes are made the more interesting by the admirable descriptive catalogue compiled by Mr. Walter Armstrong; who, without pedantry or affectation, recalls many incidents of Mary's life which the older generation has forgotten and the younger, perhaps, does not now trouble itself to learn.

To begin with the figures, in which Sir James Linton has allowed his imagination free scope, that of Darnley (23), in the full nobility of his youth, is the most striking among the portraits of men. He is represented in a green hunting-dress, over which a red surcoat hangs from the shoulders: a figure full of distinction and attractive grace, with a face in which Sir James Linton has not attempted to depict those baser qualities which also seem to have escaped Mary's eye. Of Bothwell there is no portrait in this exhibition, and David Rizzio is depicted otherwise than one whose "dwarfish and deformed person would disarm scandal"; but, on the other hand, the Regent Moray (17), with his hard and forbidding face, and George Douglas (35), the truest perhaps of Mary's men friends, are treated with great care and strength. It is unnecessary to dwell once again on the peculiar merits of Sir James Linton's work: its richness of colour, firmness of outline, and truthfulness of drawing are recognised on all sides; and it will be enough to say that in these portraits he has sustained his reputation—notably in two instances, that of Mary Fleming (32), whose name has been transformed into Mary Carmichael in Scotch song, and in that of Jane Kennedy (98), the most devoted of Mary's attendants, and the one who followed her to the block. In the costume of the former Sir James Linton seems to have pushed his knowledge to the utmost, and has lavished even more than his usual care on her brocaded dress and ermine-lined cape. Mary Livingston's (107) yellow brocade dress is another fine study of colour; and, although it is somewhat lacking in the contrasts which are so admirably arranged in Mary Beton's (104) light-green costume, it is as a work of art a greater

success. The least satisfactory of all the female portraits is that of Mary herself (29); for, although in view of the general uncertainty as to the Queen of Scots' real appearance, we have absolutely no warrant to suppose she was ever the full-faced, rich-lipped girl here represented.

Mr. Orrock's treatment of Scotch and English landscape is fresh and simple. He seldom, if ever, aims very high; but, on the other hand, he never falls very low. Thanks to his interest in the principal scenes of Mary's life, we are able to follow her from the home of her babyhood and happy childhood at Inchmahone (the Isle of Rest), in the middle of "Lake Menteith" (6), whence the line of the Trossachs makes a delightful horizon. Scarcely less charming is his view of "Stirling" (10), where Mary's first visit was marked by the "rough wooing" of Henry VIII. for his son, Prince Edward; and her last, almost by stealth perhaps, in order to see her child, who was there kept in custody. In a very different style are the grim ruins of "Dunnottar Castle" (28), overlooking the North Sea, which Mary visited on the morrow of the day on which a number of the Gordon family had been sacrificed to the hatred of Moray. "Crookstone Castle" (47), long supposed to have been the scene of the betrothal of Mary and Darnley, furnishes Mr. Orrock with a scene which he treats in a thoroughly De Wint-like fashion—excellent in colour and strong in workmanship. "Dundrennan Abbey" (76), the last resting-place of Mary in Scotland, from which she wrote the noble letter throwing herself upon "her sister's" friendship, has a cold chilly look which might have been accepted as an ill omen by the superstitious Scots, although it gives the artist an opportunity for an effective sketch. From this we can trace along the walls of this exhibition the nineteen years of Mary's wanderings and imprisonments south of the border: "Stanwix" (188), near Carlisle; "Bolton Castle" (12), one of the best of the whole series; "Tutbury Castle" (15), and many others, until at length we reach the fatal term at "Fotheringhay" (34), standing out on the well-wooded rising ground—a sunny scene, with perhaps the best painted bit of sky which Mr. Orrock has achieved. It is unnecessary to speak more in detail of these sketches: as the work of one man, they must show a sameness of style, but Mr. Orrock comes very creditably out of an ordeal from which many, of greater reputations, have shrunk. As an exhibition, the result fully justifies Messrs. Agnew in having for once modified their rule with regard to picture exhibitions; and it would be difficult to arrange anything which could be more instructive, and at the same time more attractive for the approaching holiday season, than this "panorama" of the life of Mary Queen of Scots and of her most intimate associates.

The etching of Mr. Tom Lloyd's "The Ferry," executed by Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn, adds another to the series of English pastorals which reflect so much credit upon our countrymen. The picture, which represents a group of home-returning labourers calling across the stream, is too well known to need description. It shows that the teachings of Fred Walker and George Mason are not lost, and that their sense of classical beauty still survives. Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn has done his part excellently well, and has caught the mellow evening tints with more than usual success. This etching (published by the Fine Arts Society) forms no unworthy companion to "The Harvest Moon," "The Vale of Rest," and others which have obtained a well-deserved popularity, and mark the revival of etching in this country.

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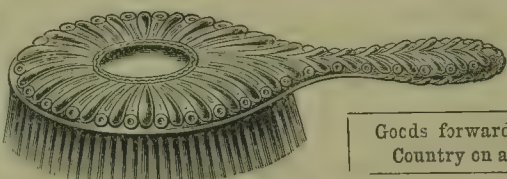
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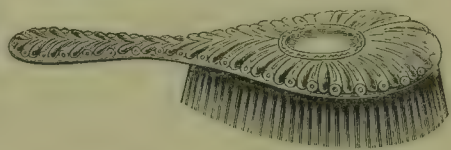
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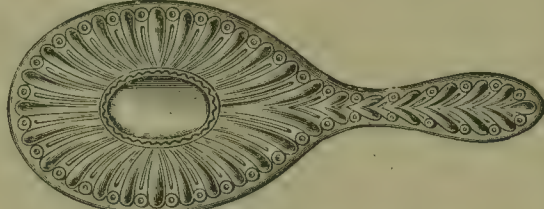
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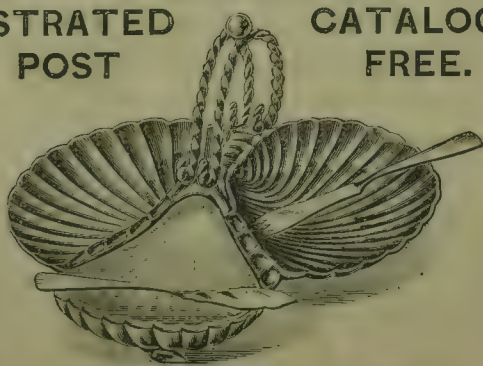
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

An interesting return on the expenditure of working-men's incomes has been just brought out by the Labour Bureau of the Board of Trade. Unfortunately, it is based on very limited evidence. The secretary sent out 730 letters of inquiry to working-men, and only a few more than the odd thirty responded. The 700 either declined to be inquisitorially examined on how they spent their incomes, or else positively did not know. Keeping accounts of daily expenditure is received by most middle-class housewives as a duty, but it does not generally enter into the schemes of working-women. However, those who did make the return had incomes varying from 17s. to £3 per week; the average weekly earnings were 24s. 6d., and the average rent paid was 5s. This is a terribly high proportion of the income. Bread is truly the "staff of life"; it takes 34 per cent of the total income of the poorest class in the return to buy their bread alone; the better-off ones only use about the same quantity of bread, and so it forms a much smaller proportion of their total earnings—only 6 per cent. The same is true of grocery. This item takes 56 per cent from the lower incomes, and only 21 from the higher. These figures and others in the report make it clear how small a margin for unexpected contingencies can be left out of very small incomes, and how much frugality and patience must be called for to enable a working-man's family to meet even short illnesses or spells of non-employment, while long ones mean deep distress.

One thing, however, the report fails to make clear—the percentage of a working-man's earnings spent on intoxicating drink. If this could be accurately arrived at, it might teach a much-needed lesson to the more thoughtful among them, and it might stimulate clergymen and other philanthropic workers in attempting the regulation of those hotbeds of family misery the so-called workmen's clubs, and in preaching to their public not merely total abstinence (which is out of the question with many), but temperance in the true sense of the word. The Church of England Temperance Society has a branch based on this principle—not teetotalism, but a strictly temperate use of alcohol. It commends itself to many who

are not willing to forego their daily glass of beer or light claret with dinner, and an occasional glass of "something more." While fully recognising the dangers of alcohol, those who join this branch are only pledged to complete moderation, and also to do everything in their power to discourage and minimise drinking habits.

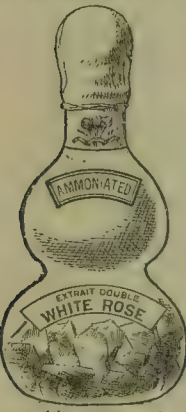
Exactly how much the artisan classes and the unskilled labourers spend on drink cannot be told; but that it is a very large proportion of their earnings may be certainly inferred from the multitude of public-houses that infest the poor parts of all towns, and the brisk business that they obviously do nightly. As to what the population as a whole spends on drink, that is accurately known. In the United Kingdom we spend nearly twice as much on intoxicating liquors as we do on bread; twice as much as on the staple *clothing materials*—woollen, linen, and cotton all put together; seven times as much as we do on *tea, coffee, and cocoa*; and nearly twice as much as the rental of all the *houses* in the kingdom. Only to think of how much comfort for the households, and how much benefit for the children of the nation, might be obtained with the immense sum of one hundred and thirty-six millions of money thus spent every year! A significant fact is that, as Irishmen fail to pay their debts to their landlords, they are drinking more. In 1887 they drank three hundred thousand gallons of spirits more than they did in 1886. There is no occasion to point the moral of all these facts. He who runs may read their meaning.

Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell, in her amusing sketch in the *Nineteenth Century* of "The Woman of To-day," has hit on a real feminine difficulty, of which every woman who tries to do anything outside her home duties is aware. This is the utter want of leisure in the life of a house-mistress. "Nobody looks on a woman's time as sacred. The man who has to make a speech shuts himself up in his library, and nobody in the house dare intrude on him; but the mistress is subjected to an endless round of interruptions." It is easy to say that she should not allow her leisure to be broken into, if she have anything of intellectual consequence to do; but if the mistress shuts herself rigidly up, and may not be appealed to at any moment, everything goes to grief. Her servants, left to themselves, are sure to do badly. The mistress guards the master's

leisure—matters that concern him are referred to her when he is busy; but there is nobody to guard hers in the same way, to stand between her and little details of daily life, and settle things for her, for the moment at any rate, rather than allow her to be disturbed. Hence, a married woman's intellectual work is done, if done at all, under the most unfavourable conditions; and it is almost like a death-knell to her hopes of any great achievement to know the truth of Florence Nightingale's saying: "Nobody was ever exposed to constant interruptions without at last having his intellect itself frittered away."

In the forthcoming life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by her son, of which I have had some advance sheets sent me, there will be found a striking illustration of how she, in her prime, worked amid cruel interruptions. A friend went to her to get the conclusion of a sketch that was due in a magazine at a certain date. "You will at least have to wait till the spring cleaning is over and baby's teeth through," Mrs. Stowe said; "here is a baby in my arms and two more at my side, and there is a great bake on in the kitchen and a new girl for help; so it is out of the question for me to write now." The energetic friend replied that she would come into the kitchen and write from Mrs. Stowe's dictation while she directed "the bake." So "in ten minutes she was seated—a table with flour, rolling-pin, ginger, and lard on one side; a dresser with eggs, pork and beans, and various cooking utensils on the other, and the babies seated near." The friend found the right sheet of manuscript, and read the last written sentence. "You remember?" she asked. "Yes, yes," said Harriet, musingly, as she attempted to recover the thread of her story. "Ma'am, shall I put the pork on the top of the beans?" said Minna, the "help." This question settled, "Come," said the friend, "here it is—The tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame shook convulsively." What next? "Her lover wept with her," went on Mrs. Stowe, "nor dared he again touch the point so sacredly guarded—Minna, roll that crust a little thinner—He spoke in soothing tones—Minna, put some more coals in the oven." So the story continues. "Thus we went on—cooking, writing, nursing, and laughing, till finally the piece was finished, ready to go to the editor." Very funny, is it not? Or very pathetic—which? FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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The will (dated June 19, 1882), with a codicil (dated Aug. 8, 1888), of Dame Renira Antoinette Bentinck (widow of General Sir Henry John William Bentinck, K.C.B.), late of No. 22, Upper Grosvenor-street, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved on Nov. 11 by Lady Elizabeth Villiers and Alexander Forbes Tweedie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 each to the National Life-Boat Institution, and the Seamen's Hospital, late the Dreadnought, Greenwich; and legacies to cousins, her executor, Mr. Tweedie, butler, maid, soldier servant of her late husband, and others. - There are many specific gifts to relatives, including some family portraits and other articles to the Duke of Portland. She appoints out of the trust funds under a settlement amounting to over £15,000 stock, £10,000 thereof, on the death of the Hon. Elizabeth Lady Hawkins Whitshed, to her niece Renira Pollard, in the place of the Duke of Portland, who since the settlement has succeeded to the title; but does not otherwise exercise her power of appointment over the said trust funds. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, Colonel Henry Charles Augustus Frederick William Aldenburgh Bentinck.

The will and codicils of Mr. Charles Binny Skinner, of The Chantry, Ipswich, and 57, Eccleston-square, who died on Sept. 2, 1839, have just been proved by John Steuart, John Matheson Macdonald, and Walter George Andrews, the executors. After giving some pecuniary legacies and annuities, the testator gives the residue of his property, upon trusts, for the benefit of his wife and children. The personalty is sworn at £267,387 14s. 3d.

The will (dated April 18, 1889) of Mr. John Holt, late of the Marine Brewery, Ratcliff, and of Ellesmere, Twickenham Park, formerly a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Nov. 13 by Mrs. Mary Holt, the widow, Alfred Holt, his son, Robert Sidney Mitford, his son-in-law, and William Smith Browne, his brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £116,000. The testator bequeaths all his household effects and a legacy to his wife; and gives legacies to his son Alfred, to each of his daughters, and to the executors, R. S. Mitford and W. S. Browne; and he also gives legacies and annuities to some of his servants; and directs that

his wife shall have the use and enjoyment of his residence, Ellesmere, during her life. The residue of his estate, both real and personal, he bequeaths, in trust, to pay annuities to his widow, his son Alfred, and his daughters, and to invest the surplus income during his widow's life, and after her death to pay £5000 to his son Alfred, and to divide £90,000 equally among all his children; and the residue, one eighth to his son Millner Holt, one eighth to his son Alfred, and the remainder equally among all his children, the daughters' shares being settled on them and their children.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1884), with a codicil (dated Oct. 27, 1887), of Mr. Joseph Laing, late of No. 17, Castlenauvillas, Barnes, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 13 by John Glover and John Mills, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Stockton-on-Tees Cottage Hospital, the North Riding Infirmary (Middlesbrough), the Marine Society (Bishopsgate-street), and the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society; his residence, with the household furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Laing; £25,000, upon trust, for her, for life; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares. In default of children the residue is to be divided into eighteen parts, four of which he gives to his sister, Sarah Ann Clay; four, upon trust, for his niece Emily Lee; two, upon trust, for each of his nieces Mary Ann Collison, Sarah Mann, Laura Bradley; and Annie Clay; one to his godson, Septimus Joseph Lee; and one, upon trust, for Ethel Emily, the daughter of the said Emily Lee.

The will (dated May 8, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Frederic Artindale, formerly of Brown Hill, Burnley, Lancashire, and late of No. 17, Grosvenor road, Scarborough, who died on Aug. 31 last, was proved on Nov. 8 by Edmund Salway Ford, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £70,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his plate, pictures, wines, books, furniture, household effects, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Florence Ada Artindale; he also leaves her his residence at Scarborough, for life, the chief rent of which is directed to be paid out of his estate, and an annuity of £800, subject to reduction in the event of her marrying again; and contingent legacies to his brother and two sisters. The

residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, the shares of a son and daughter respectively to be as four to three.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1879) of Francisco Ribeiro de Faria, Viscount de Barros Lima, late of No. 39, Rua da Torreinha, Oporto, who died on April 14 last, was proved in London on Nov. 8 by John Battecock, acting under a power of attorney from the executors, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to over £53,000. The testator bequeaths one million reis for a tombstone over his burial-place; a legacy of one million reis and an annuity of three million reis to his housekeeper, Dona Anna Augusta d'Oliveira, and he gives her the right to select out of his house furniture to the value of 500,000 reis and plate to the value of 150,000 reis. As to the residue of his property, he appoints his nephews, Mannel and Francisca, his heirs in equal shares.

The will (dated March 4, 1882) of Mr. John Sanger, formerly of Sanger's Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge-road, theatrical manager and circus proprietor, and late of St. Ann's-road, Stamford-hill, who died on Aug. 22 last, at Ipswich was proved on Nov. 12 by Mrs. Elizabeth Sanger, the widow, and John Sanger, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, prints, books, furniture, articles of household use or ornament, wines and consumable stores, and £1000 to his wife, and he gives her power to carry on for her own benefit the business of an equestrian circus, to exhibit in connection therewith his wild beasts, and to use all his horses, &c. Subject thereto he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 7, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 24, 1886), of Miss Madeline Hill, late of No. 16, Cambridge-square, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 2, at Boulogne, was proved on Nov. 1 by Miss Matilda Hill, the sister, one of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 to the Orphanage of Mercy (Randolph-gardens, Kilburn), £100 each to St. Andrew's Hospital (Folkestone) and Westgate Convalescent Home; £1000 each to her sisters, Letitia Dreffell, Harriet Brown, Matilda Hill, and Eliza Hill, and legacies to god-children and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her two sisters Matilda and Eliza.

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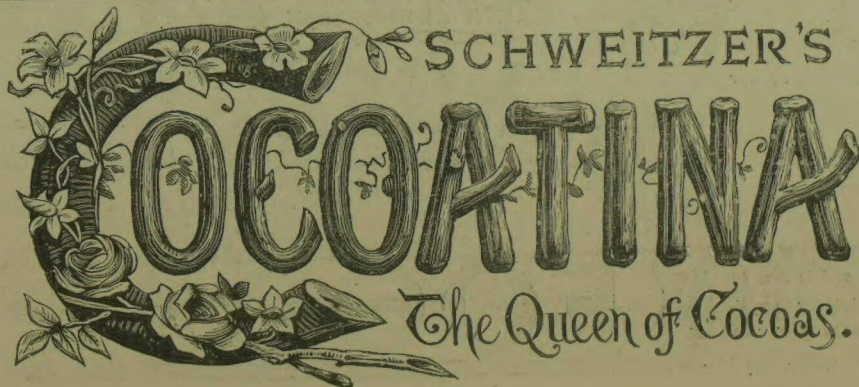
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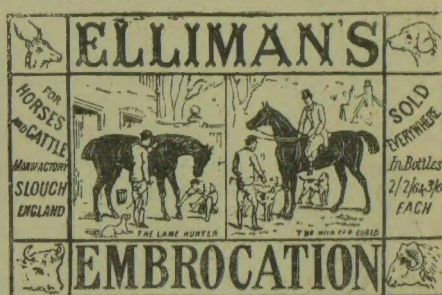
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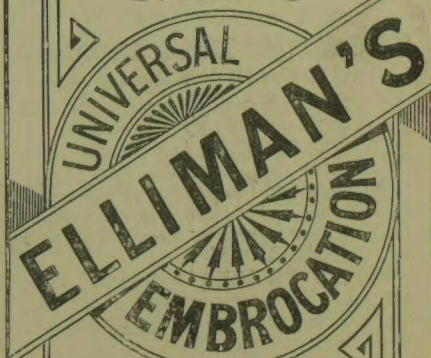
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MUSIC.

The last of the three farewell appearances of Madame Adelina Patti, previous to her departure for America, took place at the Royal Albert Hall on Nov. 18, when, besides performances by the great prima donna, the programme again offered other strong attractions in the co-operation of some eminent vocalists and instrumentalists. The pieces set down for Madame Patti were the scena (with flutes, obbligati) from Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord," the valse aria from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," and, with Mr. Lloyd, the love duet from the same opera. The inevitable encores were replied to by singing familiar Scotch and English ballads. The flautists in the scena were Mr. Radcliff and Mr. J. A. Hamilton. Mr. Ganz was to have conducted, but, owing to his recent domestic bereavement, his place was supplied by Mr. Randegger. There was an enormous attendance. The next news of the great prima donna will doubtless record a fresh series of Transatlantic triumphs.

At the evening Popular Concert of Nov. 18 a new sonata for pianoforte and violoncello was produced. It is the composition of Professor Stanford, who composed it during a recent visit to the Italian residence of Signor Piatti, the eminent violoncellist, with whom the composer was associated in the performance of the sonata at the concert now referred to. The work consists of three divisions—"Allegretto con moto moderato," "Andante con moto," and "Allegro giusto." The general style is of that vague and discursive kind that so largely prevails in the modern German school. Probably

further hearing might disclose merits that were not at first apparent. The last movement is animated, and therefore forms an acceptable contrast to the prevailing serious tone of the preceding music. Two numbers of Joachim Raff's charming "Volker" for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, were exquisitely rendered by Madame Néruda, accompanied by Mlle. Olga Néruda. Brahms's gipsy songs were, as on other occasions, a feature of the programme. The vocalists were Mrs. Henschel and Miss L. Little, Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Henschel, with Madame Haas as pianist.

An attractive accession to London musical activity is the resumption of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts (at St. James's Hall), now in their twenty-third season. The programme of the first concert of the new series comprised some important new songs by foreign and English composers of celebrity, whose productions will have to be spoken of hereafter.

To our recent notice of the first of the new series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts may be added a line or two in recognition of the acceptable changes made in two respects—the alteration of the hour of commencement from half past eight to the more convenient time (to the majority) of eight o'clock; and the supply of a programme and analytical remarks for the moderate charge of sixpence.

Another important and welcome addition to winter music is the establishment of a series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, conducted and directed by Sir Charles Hallé,

whose famous Manchester band (of about a hundred skilled executants) will now add a metropolitan to their previous wide provincial reputation. The first of the four concerts took place too late (Nov. 22) for more than mere mention at present. Of the comprehensive nature of the programmes some notion may be formed from the first, which promised performances of works by Cherubini, Dvorák, Beethoven, and Berlioz.

The fifth of the new series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace calls for merely brief mention, having consisted of a performance of "St. Paul," Mendelssohn's first oratorio, which is too familiar to require comment now. The principal vocalists on Nov. 16 were Misses Anna Williams and M. Mackenzie, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Brereton. The oratorio has, for some years, been somewhat put in the background by the composer's second work of the kind, "Elijah," so that to many (of the younger generation) it had a special interest that drew a very large attendance on the occasion now referred to. The great and many merits of "St. Paul" should ensure it more frequent hearing than it has received of late.

The Musical Artists' Society's fifty-second concert, announced for Nov. 16 at Princes' Hall, put forth a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music, chiefly by English composers of the present day. On the same date, Madame Campbell-Perugini and Miss M. Hutton were to give the first of three vocal recitals at Steinway Hall, and Miss A. Bartlett announced the first of four historical pianoforte recitals at the Hampstead Conservatoire Hall.

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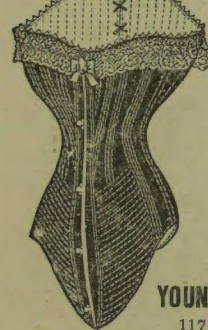
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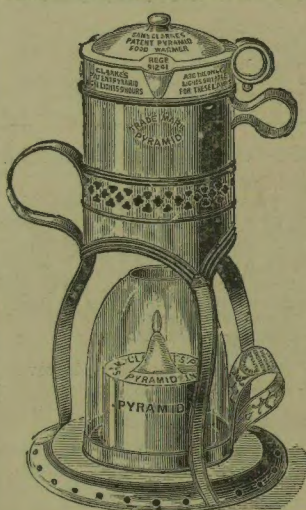


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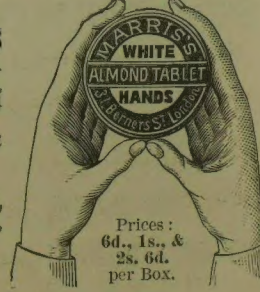
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